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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

OCTOBER, 1916

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SOME SPIRITUAL ISSUES OF THE WAR

SINCE the July number of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY was published, two very noteworthy events in the life of great organized spiritual bodies have been reported, though one of them has not yet been completely authenticated. But what we shall have to say about it concerns rather the spiritual principles than the facts, and the spiritual principles are of permanent significance. This first event, as reported in a cable despatch from Rome is, that His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, who is a scion of the noble house of La Chiesa, and who ascended the throne of Peter since the beginning of the war, has directed the Italian Cardinals (who number almost exactly one half of the Sacred College) to pray in their cathedrals and churches for the success of the armies of Italy, and of the allies of Italy. And this means, of course, that they shall pray for the defeat of the enemies of Italy, and of the enemies of Italy's allies.

Let us consider, first, the political effect of this decree, if such a decree has, in fact, been promulgated. The first enemy of Italy, and in a certain sense the most persistent enemy of Italian national life, has been the Austrian Empire, which, ever since the fall of the Venetian Republic has held, and tyrannously held, great sections of Italian soil, with Italian cities and Italian populations. Through the instrumentality of France, of Napoleon III, who fought the battles of Solferino and Magenta for that purpose, a large part of Northern Italy was wrested from Austria, and added to the new Italian nation. There remained Venezia, the Trentino and Trieste. Just fifty years ago—the fiftieth anniversary was celebrated a few weeks ago by enthusiastic Italian multitudes—Venezia was won at the battle of Custoza, in part in virtue of an alliance between Italy and Prussia, planned by Cavour and Bismarck; Prussia attacking Austria from the north at Sadowa (Königgrätz)

while Italy attacked her from the west. There remained the Trentino, with its famous city, Trent, where the great Church Council defined the doctrinal issues between Catholicism and the nascent Lutheranism of Germany; and the wealthy seaport of Trieste, on the Adriatic, over against Venice.

Through a long chain of historical circumstances, however, while Austria was the traditional and relentless foe of Italian national life, the Austrian Empire remained bound by very strong and intimate ties with the Papacy. The alliance in reality went back to that Christmas day in the year 800 A. D., when Charlemagne was crowned at Rome by the Pope, and thus revived the principle and fact of the Empire, and the practical union between Church and State, somewhat as it had been conceived and created by Constantine the Great, after his conversion to Christianity.

There was another bond besides this relation between the spiritual and temporal crowns: the possession of large territories in Central Italy by the Popes as temporal sovereigns; of territories which came to be regarded as "the patrimony of Peter," and were generally spoken of as Papal States. When the modern movement for the creation of an "United Italy" began—and Italy is one of the youngest in the family of nations—the Papal States stretched from the Tuscan Sea to the Adriatic, and included the larger party of Central Italy. A first result of the movement for Italian unity, of which Garibaldi and Cavour are the heroes, was to cut off from the Papal States their eastern half, along the Adriatic. Fifty years ago, the western half still remained, with Rome as its capital, and with the Pope as its temporal sovereign. It happened, therefore, not only that the Emperor of Austria, through his coronation, was brought into peculiarly close relations with the Papacy, but that Austria and the Papacy found themselves drawn even more closely together, as common foes of Italian unity, Austria seeking to hold back from Italy, Venezia, the Trentino and Trieste; while the Papacy sought to retain—and therefore to exclude from the Italian union—the still large remnant of the Papal States. This was the problem of the "temporal power": to maintain the political power of the Popes, as temporal sovereigns, over the Papal States, and above all over the splendid historic city of Rome, which was thus, in a special sense, the political as well as the administrative capital, of the Roman Catholic Church.

In virtue of this double bond—that which bound the Empire to the Papacy, and their common hostility to the completion of United Italy, which involved the loss of territory for Austria and for the Papacy alike—the Austrian Emperor and the Pope were practically allies. The Pope supported the power of the Austrian Emperor, and

particularly his ambitious policy in the Balkans, which, if fully successful, would bring large bodies of the Slavonic and Roumanian races (now Communicants of the Eastern Orthodox Church) much more directly under the power and influence of Rome; and this "union of the Churches," through absorption, is a fundamental part of Vatican policy. On the other hand, the Austrian Emperor supported the Papacy in its claims of "temporal power," very largely, perhaps, through enmity towards the Italian nation, which was doomed to remain incomplete and without its historic capital, Rome, so long as the "temporal power" existed.

This position of affairs was brought to an end by the events of 1870. The armies of Napoleon III who, to further plans of his own, had supported the "temporal power," were withdrawn from Rome to meet the invaders of France; the Italian armies of King Victor Emmanuel at once took possession of "the Eternal City," cutting short the sessions of the Vatican Council, which had been defining the doctrine of "Papal infallibility"; and the "temporal power" came to an end. To the Popes were guaranteed in perpetuity the lands and buildings of the Vatican and the Lateran, and the villa of Castle Gandolfo, outside Rome, in which very restricted territories they are still, in a sense, sovereign, receiving Ambassadors of foreign powers; and in lieu of the revenues of "the patrimony of Peter," the Italian Government allotted to the Vatican a large sum of money, to be paid annually. But the Pope refused to recognize this arrangement: refused to acknowledge the loss of the temporal power; refused to accept the revenues offered, as compensation for that loss, by the Italian Government. And, maintaining this policy of obstinate non-compliance, the Pope made himself, in fact and in name, a "prisoner of the Vatican," practically refusing to admit the sovereignty of Italy, in perpetual defiance of the recorded words of Saint Peter: "Submit yourselves to the powers that be; fear God; honour the King!" So that what might be called an obstinate feud was maintained by the Vatican against the Kings of Italy, with unhappy consequences for those who, being loyal subjects of the King of Italy, were at the same time loyal children of the Roman Catholic Church.

The situation was further complicated by events in France. What were held to be unlawful political activities on the part of the bishops and priests of the French Church, and of the Religious Orders in France, led to an open breach between the State and the Church, to the partial expulsion of the Religious Orders, and the rupture, after a century, of the Concordat, which had maintained a working relation between the French Government and the Vatican. This rupture was given its final form by the law of 1905, which was largely conceived and drafted by the present Prime Minister of France, Aristide Briand. And to his foresight and tolerance its best provisions are due. But one outcome

of the whole agitation was the development of a very hostile attitude, on the part of the Vatican, towards the French Government, and, in part, towards the French nation. And one result of this, it is said, was that, in the summer of 1903, when Pope Leo XIII died, and the College of Cardinals met to choose his successor, the whole weight of Austria was thrown on the side of Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto, the Patriarch of Venice, who was friendly to Austria, as against a more famous, more learned and able candidate, suspected of too great friendliness for France.

Such, then, was the situation at the Vatican, when the war broke out in July, 1914. The ostensible cause of the war was the assassination of the Austrian Archduke, Franz Ferdinand, who was believed to be closely identified with the Vatican policy of Romanizing the Slavonic Christians of the Eastern Church, in regions like Bosnia and Herzegovina. This fact also may have had its share in leading the Vatican into an attitude which, if not markedly favourable to Austria and her allies, at least countenanced—by failing to denounce—the grave crimes against right and justice, of which these powers were guilty: the violation of Belgian neutrality, later aggravated by the most cowardly false accusations against Belgium, brazenly backed by forgery; the crimes against non-combatants in Belgium and France; the unspeakable atrocities practised against women and children.

One experiences considerable hesitation, therefore, in attributing to a pure outburst of moral feeling the reported action of the Vatican: the instructions said to have been given to the Italian cardinals, to pray for the success of the arms of Italy and her allies. And one hesitates the more, when one remembers that the Vatican which failed to denounce the dastardly violation of Belgium, the abominable outrages in France, the brazenly plotted and brazenly avowed Lusitania murders, and other foul crimes without number—did at last wake up to a semblance of moral alertness, coming forward with a plea for Christian peace, at a moment when peace would have meant the dishonour of Christendom; at a moment when peace would have played the game of the powers which have flouted every Christian principle of holiness and mercy. One remembers, with a sense of keen shame, that these malignant powers in whose interest, practically, the Vatican intervened, were even then holding out to the Vatican the bribe of the "temporal power," quite frankly and openly, in political addresses, and probably also in diplomatic negotiations. No; the reported "conversion" of the Vatican comes too soon after the wresting of Gorizia from the Austrians by the victorious army of Italy; too soon after the utter collapse of Austria in Galicia; too soon after the failure of great Teuton offensives, before Verdun and in the Trentino. The coincidence is too crude. One doubts whether

these politic prayers will avail much for the Allies, before the throne of grace, which is also the throne of honesty and justice.

But they may greatly injure the opponents of the Allies—the powers which, holding all men to be as venal and corrupt as themselves, try brazenly to bribe the Holy See. The aged Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary is, in his way, deeply attached to the Church of Rome, of which he considers himself the chief patron and, as was seen in the election of Pope Pius X, in some sense the supervisor. To him, the decision of Pope Benedict XV, if it be as reported, will come as a shock, painful in the measure of his superstitious adherence to the Church. Public prayers for his defeat, for the loss of his armies, the ruin of his ambitions and hopes, will be a blow to this old man of eighty-six, who, during his almost endless reign of well-nigh seventy years, has borne so many blows: a brother executed, a sister burned to death, a wife assassinated, a son a suicide; his power debased by an upstart rival, his realm torn to pieces by internal dissensions, defeated, deprived of valued territories. All these blows, he has borne with unbending pride, with obstinate, imperious will. It remains to be seen whether he will be able to bear, following on the wholesale capture of his armies, and the practical helotry of his nation, this last blow from the Vatican, which he has so faithfully served, and with which whatever there is of devotion in his aged heart is so closely bound up.

There are other Roman Catholic sovereigns who will be equally cut to the quick. There is the King of Bavaria, the great part of whose subjects belong to the Church of Rome. There is the King of Saxony, whose family is devoutly Roman Catholic, though the majority of his subjects are Lutherans. These two sovereigns, we were told, bore a great part in the negotiations which held out the bribe of the restored "temporal power" to the Vatican, as a reward for adherence to the cause of the Teuton Empires; these two monarchs were equally eloquent with the Vatican in the cause of "peace,"—at the moment when peace meant practical victory for themselves. And with them may be aligned the great "Centrist" party, composed of Roman Catholics, in the German Reichstag.

There remains, among those Kings who will be affected by this decree, if it be accurately reported, one more "most Catholic" monarch, the versatile Ferdinand of Bulgaria. On the side of his mother, Princess Clémentine, Ferdinand of Coburg is the grandson of King Louis Philippe of France, a scion of that worthy branch of the Bourbons who played at being Revolutionists in the person of Philippe Egalité; who played at being Restorationists, when there was something to be gained by that. Ferdinand's grandfather was the comedian with the cotton umbrella, who masqueraded as "citizen-King" till the quick-

witted Parisians tired of his farces and hissed him off the stage. Ferdinand himself has made a shameful comedy of holy things. The Constitution of Bulgaria prescribes that her sovereign shall belong to the Orthodox Eastern Church, as does the Bulgarian nation, though that clause was suspended in Ferdinand's favour. But it became necessary for him to curry favour with the Emperor of Orthodox Russia. So, in spite of his solemn pledge to his wife, the Princess of Parma, that her children should be reared in the Roman Church,—a pledge without which she refused to marry him—Ferdinand arranged for the ceremonial "conversion" to Eastern Orthodoxy, of his eldest son, Prince Boris, when that son was three years old. Unhappily, the Russian Emperor allowed himself to be duped by this comedy, and Ferdinand and his son were received into high favour. Last winter, when Ferdinand's star seemed to be in the ascendant, it was reported that, wishing to see his son Boris espoused to an Austrian Archduchess, Ferdinand had arranged for his re-conversion to the Roman Church. By this time, perhaps, yet another "change of heart" is due. Ferdinand, therefore, with his keen sense of the political value of things religious, will be able to estimate the importance of the reported attitude of the Vatican. The weather-cock does not change the wind, but it shows that the wind has changed; and Ferdinand is enough of a weather-prophet to view with consternation this presage of the coming deluge.

It is a very genuine relief to turn from these rather sordid personages and motives to another aspect of the war which, strangely enough, likewise flows from Vatican policies. But let us go back for a moment to a point already touched on—the loathsome atrocities perpetrated by the Teutonic armies, by the orders of their commanders—before we speak of the superb heroism with which these foul and tyrannous cruelties have been met. Two charges are proved—proved to the hilt by the bragging admissions of German soldiers themselves, in letters and diaries written by them and now on view at the French Ministry of War: the only element of the German army that will ever enter Paris, if we except the prisoners and trophies of war. Two charges, then, are indisputable: that the German commanders ordered their men to place Belgian and French women and children in front of advancing German regiments, as a protective screen against Belgian and French soldiers. The infamy, the dastardly infamy of this, it would be impossible to exaggerate. The second charge—proved to demonstration by the same authentic German documents, which the Germans themselves have not even attempted to deny, though they have tried to justify them—is the murder of women and children, for a supposed "military necessity," with the foul outrages committed on women, outrages infinitely worse than death. But more important even than these acts is the motive behind them, which should be brought out in its stark hideousness and evil. It is this: first, where women and children are

used to screen an advancing regiment, the motive is, to paralyse the courage, the spiritual will, in their husbands and fathers; to paralyse the spiritual will through the mercy and pity and love in their hearts. It is the deliberate act of devils—and of men given over heart and soul to the powers of evil.

Then the outrages against children and women. Small need to prove these. The dramatic murder of women and children in the "Lusitania" is proof enough—the unrepented, condoned, unpunished murder, coldly planned and coldly carried out. Here, the motive is the same: to cut at the heart of valour, through the fear of abominable evils to be afflicted on one's own women and children: through fear, to paralyse the spiritual will. The devils in hell play no baser part, and use no baser means. And let this also be said: the nation which has deliberately planned, and deliberately carried out this abominable policy, will go down to all future time as a nation of deliberate devil-worshippers, and also a nation of dastardly cowards: dastardly cowards none the less, because they fight ferociously on the battlefield.

If we accept the Roman report as true, the influence of the Vatican is not the only spiritual support which has fallen from beneath the Teuton-Ugrian alliance. For almost at the same time, almost on the same day—reminding us of the calamities heaped upon the shoulders of the Patriarch Job—came the denunciation, by the Shereef of Mecca, of the Sultan of Turkey, Mehmed V, or rather of Enver and Talaat, in whose hands he is a helpless tool. This ends the Caliphate of Turkey, with the possession of the Holy Places of Islam; and one cannot fail to see, as deeply significant, that, one by one, the organized forces of religion are definitely ranging themselves in open opposition to the organized forces of evil. This act of the Arabian potentate is of good omen for the spiritual future of Islam. The Faith of the Prophet has earned a new lease of life.

But to turn at last from this corruption and evil, to something magnificent and superb: to the spiritual valour of the sons of France. We saw that it was alleged by the Government of France that the Church was being used as a mask for plots against the life of the French Republic, and that laws were in consequence passed, against the Church and the Religious Orders. Certain of these laws deprived the priests and bishops of the stipends they had been receiving from the State, in virtue of the Concordat of Napoleon I. Other laws deprived them, by degrees, of the immunity from military service which they had enjoyed as priests of what was practically a State Church, though minority churches and synagogues were also subsidised on equal terms. Under the Third Republic, therefore, while the law of 1872 exempted the priest from military service, the law of 1889 rendered him liable to

service in the hospital and sanitary corps, while the law of 1905, accompanying the final abolition of the Concordat, subjected the priest, as a citizen of France, to all the obligations of military service: in practice, the law uniformed and drilled him, put a rifle and bayonet into his hands, gave him a box of cartridges, and sent him out to kill, with his own hands, the enemies of France. Let us see how the priest-soldiers are behaving under fire; and what is the spiritual attitude towards war—towards the deliberate killing involved in war—of these pledged Ministers of the Prince of Peace.

It happens that, since the war began, friends of France and of her Church have been gathering the letters which these priests on the firing line have written to their friends at home; and, as was recorded three months ago, in "On The Screen of Time," these letters have been printed and published in a volume: *Lettres de Prêtres aux Armées.* In these letters, one will find many moods: heroism, pathos, righteous wrath against cruelty and sacrilege, literary reminiscence, artistic perception and expression of a high order, manly endurance of suffering, of wounds and privations, dauntless valour in the face of the foe. One mood you will look for in vain, even if you seek from cover to cover: the sleek cowardice of pacifism which holds that it is righteous, and of the spirit of Christ, to refrain from defending the weak and helpless from outrage; to draw the skirts together, and, with the historic Priest and Levite, to pass by on the other side. That mood of refined hypocrisy, by which a poltroon lies to himself, and clothes his cowardice in a cloak of superior holiness, is wholly alien to the spirit of these valorous priests, who would be the first to denounce this as an outrage against their Master; and they do denounce it ceaselessly, by their spirit and by their deeds.

One finds the same high spirit of valour and of devotion—and without valour, devotion is mere hypocrisy—everywhere throughout these letters. One may quote almost at random, certain of the quality of what has been written. Here, for example, is a letter from a priest, whose duty on the field is (or was, for he has by this time probably died on the field of honour) that of a stretcher-bearer, much more hazardous, often, than that of a soldier in the trenches, since it is his function to be shot at, without the power of shooting back, while carrying the wounded soldiers back from the firing line to the field hospital. But the stretcher-bearer does not cease to be a priest, and, as a priest, he celebrated a military service, of which he has given a very moving record:

"Communion services succeeded each other uninterruptedly, between five and nine o'clock (in the morning) at three altars. But the most impressive of all was, without contradiction, the military service, at eight o'clock. The church is absolutely full; the altar surrounded with

lights, is majestically draped in the folds of a group of flags of the national colours, when, to the music of the organ, the celebrant priest enters the sanctuary, stepping over a heap of ruins, which symbolizes in the transept, in very appropriate fashion, the disasters of war. On these ruins, someone has had the happy idea of planting two tricolor flags, as a symbol of hope: thus France victorious, rejuvenated, more virtuous, repairing her ruins, will rise again in the face of Europe, to spread over her the benefits of civilization, but of a civilization more Christian. What a splendid spectacle is that of these two generals, of these 150 officers of all ranks, occupying the seats in the principal nave, of these thousand soldiers in different uniforms, standing close together in the lateral naves and under the galleries, forming as it were a crown around those who have received the mission of leading them to battle.

"The Holy Sacrifice begins at the same time, the *Creed* is intoned, and the voices of all these warriors who, even yesterday, were under fire, and some of whom are preparing, perhaps, to return there, as soon as the service is ended, alternates with the improvised leadership of soldier-priests grouped in the galleries. At the *Homo factus est* (He was made man), one already feels emotion at seeing the heads of these heroes bowed, and especially the heads of the commanding officers, which, on the contrary are so proudly raised before the enemy, when the time comes to lead their men to the combat. At the Elevation, the Chant *Ave Maria Stella,* which has followed the Creed, ceases in its turn, this chant of praise in which the soldiers of France love also to implore the help of their Mother in heaven, now especially when the Germans have blasphemed her; then each one sinks into the silence of adoration, before the Son of God descending into the midst of his people. Immediately afterwards, a cry comes forth from all breasts: *O salutaris hostia* (O saving victim). Oh! yes, the divine Sacrifice, before which our army bends low in all truth and justice, may that Sacrifice show itself saving, pitiful toward France! Let that Sacrifice give us in the present at least abundant power and courage in the fulfilment of our duty: *Da robur, fer auxilium* (Give strength, bring succour). The chanting of the *Magnificat* then fills our hearts, and the accents of joy which came forth of old from the grateful soul of the Mother of God awake by allegory for us the memory of the past glories with which God has blessed our France. France also can appropriate to herself in a certain measure these noble words of Mary's canticle: "He that is mighty hath magnified me." This France recognizes more and more today, and proclaims it by the mouth of her sons; may she recognize it officially and proclaim it by the mouth of her rulers! 'And holy is his name.' And then God's wrath will be appeased, for even for the victorious nations the war which covers them with glory is a scourge. 'He has remembered his compassion.' And then, also, is the thought which arises naturally in our hearts, France, recon-

ciled to her God, more than ever will continue throughout the world the works of God, *Gesta dei per Francos* (the works of God, by means of the French).

"We were moved; several times during the service, we saw the tears quietly bedewing the eyes of the congregation; but we were even more moved when, from the depth of the galleries, there resounded, chanted by a voice measured and grave, the *Domine, salvam fac rempublicam et exaudi nos in die qua invocaverimus te* (O Lord, save the State, and hearken unto us in the day when we call upon thee!). The congregation took it up with trembling voice, and the fatherland which we feel in danger, God will save in answer to our prayers, for we pray to Him in France today more than ever: as in the time of Jeanne d'Arc, when Brother Pasquerel was preaching, our soldiers themselves crowd with their commanders into the churches, join in the services, recite the chaplet, take part in confession and communion."

These events on the stage of the world are our text: what lessons are we to draw from them, for ourselves? What is their significance, viewed in the light of Theosophy? First, as regards the Vatican: To what sources are we to trace the "policy" which identified the Papacy with the Teuton Empires, when it seemed that it would be possible for them to restore the "temporal power," and is seeking to identify the Papacy with Italy, now that Italy begins to win? We should, perhaps, think of the See of Rome as the work of two disciples of the Western Avatar, and of the disciples of these disciples: an edifice which should have expressed, in the holiest and purest way, the life of that Master, and the application of his spirit to the spiritual problems of humanity. But "ambition, the first curse," gradually stole in; as power slipped from the shoulders of the Cæsars, it was picked up, and appropriated by the Bishops of Rome. The triple tiara, the title of Sovereign Pontiff, borrowed from the Cæsars, are both symbolical of that insidious invasion of ambition into the holy places. What is the moral, then? If Benedict XV were to renounce the title of Pontiff, and were to send to King Victor Emmanuel the threefold tiara, would that exhaust the matter? It would be a striking and courageous deed, but, if we let our thought end there, we shall have missed the whole significance of the situation.

Its deeper meaning seems to be this: When Masters establish an edifice of spiritual work in the world, they give, of necessity, to their disciples and the successors of these first disciples a very real authority and power, which will have almost endless influence on the life of the world—because the original impulse given by the Masters will continue in the work of their agents. If the hearts of these be pure and high and holy, then their work will bring pure and abundant spiritual good.

But if evil impulses and selfish motives be allowed to creep in, even along with much that is good, then to this evil also an uncommon power will be given, and its corrupt results will be widespread and most dangerous. Nothing will avail as a safeguard, except complete purity of heart, and that purity can be maintained only by continual sacrifice of all impulses of self-love. But The Theosophical Society, as some of us hold, was founded by Masters, to be "the corner-stone of the future religions of humanity." It therefore has a like potency with that of the movement founded by the Western Avatar—and is beset by like dangers. And there is not one of its members who does not, in some measure, share in both the potency and the dangers. Tolerated evil in us now may mean sinister world-events twenty centuries hence. Sacrifice and aspiration now will without doubt bring spiritual fruit for centuries to come. We should, therefore, consider the "policy" of the Vatican, not in order to condemn the Vatican, but in order to turn the searchlight on ourselves; to make us realize better our great dangers, our magnificent opportunities.

What, then, of the superb chivalry of the priests of France? Where is the lesson for ourselves in this? There are, perhaps, two outstanding lessons. The first is the direct one: their splendid gallantry in self-sacrifice; and no lesson can conceivably be finer than that: the valour of the Warrior's children. But there is a more recondite lesson: the presence of these priests on the firing line is directly due, as we have seen, to Vatican politics and to the reaction against Vatican politics. The motives attributed to the Vatican—conspiring against the government of France—were not creditable; the motives and principles of the French Anti-Clericals were at least equally questionable. Yet out of all this tangle of more than dubious acts and purposes, the Spiritual Powers behind the scenes have been able to bring forth the finest fruits of light and inspiration—just because there was, in the hearts of these priests and in the hearts of so many of the sons of France, an undying flame of the purest devotion, a splendid, self-immolating love for the genuine principles of the Master whom by their lives they serve. Out of all the confusion of outer purposes and acts, the Spiritual Powers have been able, because that devotion of heart was pure and unfeigned, to win results of spiritual fire. So the second lesson is Faith—a strong, wise trust in the Divine Power that, daily and hourly, guides and guards the whole life of Humanity.

FRAGMENTS

MAN woke one day and said:—"I will be free!" And he arose and slew the tyrants that were over him, from the least even unto the greatest, until all were on a level with himself. But there was one greater than he that he forgot to slay,—perhaps God's angel covered his eyes,—and that was his own Soul.

Still man did not feel free.

And he looked around and saw no more people tyrannizing over him, but things; so he arose again in wrath and sorrow, and strove and strove with those things. But as he destroyed them at night, lo! they sprouted again in the morning; and man's life was more full of bitterness and toil than ever.

Then in the midst of all this strife the Soul of man cried aloud to God for freedom, and that voice prevailed mightily with God, so that He answered.

And then came war, and devastation, and sorrow upon sorrow. But the Soul of man took up those things and entered into them; and behold! men by hundreds and by thousands gave up their lives, gave them gladly, with a song upon their lips, and, God be praised, a prayer within their hearts. And behind the dark clouds of the battlefields, the clouds of materialism and unbelief lifted, and the Master walked there, and took these men by the hand, and spoke to them, and they understood and were satisfied.

For freedom is the reward of self-mastery, and the price thereof is life itself;—life laid down on the battlefield, or life laid down in the counting house, or life laid down in the home: but always life laid down, and the whole of life.

Such is but the beginning of these things,—man's struggle for freedom from that which, because of the angel, he forgot to slay. For the Soul of man lives by spiritual law and in obedience to that law,—the law of the divinity within.

And since the divinity within resides deep in the heart of each, only as man fashions act and thought in accordance therewith can he find his heart's desire.

God is not mocked: He knoweth that which He made, the earth dust of it, and the star dust of it, and the unquenchable spark within.

CAVÉ.

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

XXI

DEAR FRIEND:

SO you want me to tell you another story? I can tell you many stories,—ancient legends that have never found their way into our western books, nor been dissected by our so-called scholarship; though I may not be able to make them live for you as they live for me. They are of the East, and as they rise in my memory all that the East holds for me rises with them. But the heart of man is the heart of man, be it East or be it West, and, through the paved streets of this city, the high gods walk as freely as over desert sands. So you too will understand. Surely your own heart has hungered. Listen to the tale of Prince Ramoon, the first-born of King Artessupas and Queen Nephthys, who lived and reigned "once upon a time," beyond the Nile, in upper Egypt, so long ago that then the ancient gods were young.

In the gladness of his heart King Artessupas proclaimed a day of rejoicing to be observed throughout his realm. He made a great feast in his palace and summoned his people to attend. And when they had feasted and slaves had brought gifts to every guest, that they might know the King's heart was glad, he sent to the Queen for the new-born babe, and lifted him high before the people, that they might do worship to him and know him as the Prince of all the land.

One by one the princes and councillors and nobles, the priests and magicians and captains of companies, bowed themselves down before the infant Ramoon, and swore that he should be their Prince. One by one they laid their gifts on either side of him, till they rose like two high mountains from which a man might lay his hand upon the moon. And in the valley between them, the little princeling, held in his father's arms, went fast asleep.

But in her chamber the Queen Nephthys lay upon her royal bed alone. Her soul was troubled though she knew not why. Then she turned her heart to the high gods and prayed:

"Oh ye Shining Ones, what are the gifts and oaths of men to him who is a Prince? Ye, who are great and wise, look with pity on my babe. Not of men, but of ye, do I ask gifts for him this day."

Then drew the gods of shining face about the couch of Nephthys. And because of their shining her eyes were blinded, so that she could not see them; but she knew their sweet fragrance and her heart burned at their nearness. Queen Nephthys was glad; yet in the midst of her gladness, fear rose within her, and asked of her how could she trust her babe to those she could not see. The high gods smiled, looking upon her and upon each other. And one laid his hand upon the store-

house of her thought and drew thence a web of dreams and fancies, memories and hopes, finer than the finest linen, and made of it veils for himself and for his fellows, so that their shining was dimmed and the Queen's eyes no longer blinded. Thus did Queen Nephthys behold, as in a dream, the high gods standing round her couch.

One by one, to each of the high gods she turned her face and stretched her hands, but whatever prayer she sought to make seemed as foolishness in the light of that veiled shining, and died unspoken on her lips. And the high gods stood waiting.

Then Queen Nephthys laid her will upon her fear and on her tongue, and bringing forth from her memories the prayers that she had prayed while still her son slept in her womb, she prayed them over once again. One by one each of the high gods in turn granted her the prayer she prayed of him, and vanished from her sight. At last all the prayers that she had ever prayed had been brought forth and granted. Yet one, the youngest of the gods, still stood and waited, while Queen Nephthys sought for wisdom to pray aright. And in the great court of the palace her babe lay sleeping between the piled up gifts of men.

"Oh, my son, my little son," cried Queen Nephthys, "thy mother's wisdom is as empty as a last year's gourd. Speak to my heart before it is too late. What is thy greatest need?"

The infant Ramoon stirred within his father's arms and lifted up his voice and wailed. Into the Queen's chamber came that wail of hunger, so that she started up upon her couch, forgetful of her prayer, and of him who waited for it. But falling back in weakness, she remembered, and turned with glad face to that youngest of the gods.

"Of thee," she prayed, "I ask thyself. I ask that when the gifts of men turn to ashes in his mouth, and the gifts of the most high gods have been misused and lost, that he may have thee—with thy immortal love forever in his heart;—that he may draw life from thee, as now he cries for it from me."

As she prayed, the veil fell from the face of the god and he was lost in his own shining.

Years passed, and Prince Ramoon was Prince no more, but King in his father's stead. His were all the gifts of men. His, too, were the gifts of the faithful gods. Yet King Ramoon was not at peace. By day and by night his heart hungered, and the dumb craving of his soul lay deep within his eyes.

From the place of the departed, the spirit of Queen Nephthys, watching, rose up and clamoured at the gates of heaven where the high gods sat, and the high gods sent to the guardians of the gate, asking:

"Why does this woman clamour at our gates with wailings, and accusations against us?" And the guardians of the gate made answer:

"It is because of King Ramoon, and of the hunger that preys upon his heart." So the high gods sent word to the guardians of the gate, that Queen Nephthys be brought before them. And when she was come, she fell down before the seat of judgment, and clasped with her hands the feet of him who sat therein with hidden face, until his voice bade her rise and speak. Then she rose and said:

"Oh ye who are called the faithful gods, wherefore suffer ye a god to break his faith to me? By day and by night hunger preys upon the heart of Prince Ramoon, till the gifts of gods and men are as ashes in his mouth. Yet there is one who vowed to feed him. Of him I make my plaint."

Then the high gods looked to the youngest of their brethren, and the compassion on their faces deepened as they turned again to the one who spoke from the judgment throne.

"Oh woman, blind are thine eyes and small thy faith. Yet because of thy courage will I ask of thee, also, a question. Thy babe: hadst thou not fed him, how long would he have hungered?"

Queen Nephthys stood within the circle of the gods and pondered. Slowly, as from far distances, understanding felt its way toward her soul; and, with its coming, the courage of her fears slipped from her, till looking up upon that circle of immortals, she trembled, and fell upon the ground. Then he whose face is hidden stretched forth his hand above her.

In the vision of her swoon, she looked out upon a time before this time, and saw the world before this world was born. Seas there were, and lakes and rivers, and fish that swam therein, and reeds that grew along the bank. And men and women dwelt among the valleys, content as were the grazing cattle, building homes and mating, as the fowl beside the river, or like lion or like jackal, making their kill, or whining for their prey. Like the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, they were born, and lived, and died. But high in the zenith, in a space beyond space, Queen Nephthys saw the shining gates of heaven. And as her eyes rested there, she heard the voices of the most high gods as they talked together. The youngest of the gods was speaking:

"Is there no way," he said. "Must men be ever thus as cattle on the earth? Is heaven only for the gods?"

And the elder gods made answer: "In time. In time shall men become as we."

The voices ceased. To Queen Nephthys it seemed she stood beside the gates of heaven a thousand, thousand years. And as she stood, upon the battlements above her the youngest of the gods stood, too, gazing downward. Once more she heard his voice.

"There is a way," he said.

Like light, bursting from the dark rim of a cloud, or like a shooting star, the youngest of the gods plunged from heaven into the depths of space.

Far, far below, drawn from the utmost Nadir, there rose a cloud of darkness to meet that straight diving ray of light. As it rose it took shape, till Queen Nephthys saw spread out before her the mighty hosts of evil, ranged rank upon rank of chariots and horsemen, spearmen and bowmen, fire-breathing dragons and demons of the pit. Rank upon rank, they rose from the distant pole; yet it seemed they rose not of their own will, but drawn forth by the swift coming of the youngest of the gods.

Midway they met. And now, as when the sun has freed itself from clouds, its rays spread forth covering all the land, so from the youngest of the gods went forth his light, engaging all that mighty host of evil in such combat as the worlds had never seen before. Like rain upon the earth fell the life-blood of the god; like brimstone from the pit fell the bodies of his foes; till naught of all that marshalled host remained, nor light nor darkness reigned.

But as she gazed, Queen Nephthys saw a dim shining, as of moon-beams on a mist, spreading through the hills and valleys, and growing brighter as it spread. To her ears came music, the music of the whole world singing with the youngest god's rejoicing, as his life-blood flowed immortal into all that it contained.

The one whose face is hidden withdrew his hand. Queen Nephthys stood again within the circle of the gods; then fell upon her knees before him of whom she had complained.

"Oh thou, of all most faithful, most compassionate, still let thy pity rest on me and on my son. Hunger and thirst are thy life. On thy life has he fed. Yet when I had fed him at my breast, for a space he was content."

The youngest of the gods looked down with pitying eyes. "Wouldst thou have him content?"

"Nay; I would have him know thy gift. Thou givest; and he to whom thou givest knoweth thee not, but searcheth for what he hath. Is there no way, lord?"

The light in the god's face changed. "There is a way," he said.

The youngest of the gods stretched forth his hand above the ground, and from it fell three drops of blood. One fell upon a straw, and straightway the straw sprouted as though it were the growing stalk, and put forth grain; and the grain fell upon the earth, scattering its seed. But some seeds rolled into the hollow of the straw.

The second drop fell upon the dust and moistened it. A summer breeze blew upon the dust, so that it took form and rose upon the wind a sparrow, perfect in every feather, circling the air with freedom, till it returned as though to feed upon the grain. But Queen Nephthys saw it leave the grain and seize the straw instead, and fly far with it to build itself a nest. And the wind swept the ground bare of the fallen seed, so that the sparrow hungered, but could find nothing.

The third drop fell upon a stone; and the frost came, and the

winter winds, and worked upon that stone so that it, too, took form and rose upon the air as a great hawk. Queen Nephthys saw it circle high, then swoop, and fall upon the sparrow's nest, scattering it with talons that barely missed their living prey. She saw the sparrow, nestless, quivering still in fright; but finding the seed for which he hungered in the broken straws that had been his home.

"I am life, and the food of life," said the youngest of the gods. "I am the grain built into the nest. I am the sparrow that hungers. I am the swoop of the hawk. Tell me thy prayer for thy son."

Queen Nephthys bowed her head upon her hands, and her voice came low, as though it were the whisper of her soul.

"So be it, lord, of all the most compassionate. Let him continue to hunger more and more, until he find thee in thy gifts; even should his blindness oblige thee to destroy them ere he find."

Friend, my story is told; though of what came to Prince Ramoon the tale is longer than the wanderings of Odysseus. Make from this what you can; and believe me, as always,

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

A Soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties; the divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies; so far from petty principles being best proportioned to petty trials, a heavenly spirit taking up its abode with us can alone sustain well the daily toils, and tranquilly pass the humiliations of our condition.

J. MARTINEAU.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS

In preceding issues of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, *namely, July,* 1912, *January,* 1913 *and April,* 1913, *there were published articles on "The Religious Orders." Those articles cover the period of St. Benedict.*

IV

FROM ST. BENEDICT TO ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

500 A. D. TO 1100 A. D.

IN view of Benedict's numerous family, at Subiaco, as well as at Monte Cassino, it may seem puzzling to say that the 12th century is the flowering season of the Benedictine Rule. The celebrated abbeys of England, alone, Yarrow, Whitby and Wearmouth—the period so lovingly described in Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*—are very ponderable objections against that statement. Still, if the image be not pressed too far, nor too literally, it will be suggestive. The period antedating Benedict may be thought of as the season of root formation—Benedict himself is the sturdy stalk sent up into the air—Bernard of Clairvaux and the Cistercians are luxuriant flowers upon that stalk.

St. Benedict is so truly the father of European monasticism that, since his time, the word "monk" has lost its primitive and exact meaning, and has taken on an altogether new meaning. The word comes from the Greek "monachos," and means "solitary." St. Benedict transformed that "solitary" into a member of a community; or, in technical terms, he made of the hermit, a *cenobite* (cenobite comes from two Greek words, *koinos,* common, and *bios,* life).

Though there were several large and justly celebrated monastic centres before Benedict's day—such as Lerins, Marmoutiers,[1] etc.—the independent hermit life was the commoner type for religious aspirants. That life is full of danger.[2] It affords unchecked scope for the development of religious singularity and eccentricity. Perhaps some of the prejudice against monasticism, what is spoken of as the selfishness of monasticism, for example, is rightful but misdirected censure of hermit freaks. Benedict could see that a true hermit—such as Aidan at Farne[3] —is on a higher degree of the spiritual ladder than a cenobite.[4] But,

[1] See THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, January, 1913.

[2] The common sense of Aquinas, centuries later, said of the hermit mode: "If such a life be entered upon without training, it is most dangerous, unless grace supply what in others is acquired by training."

[3] See THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, July, 1913.

[4] He writes to the hermit: "Going forth well armed from the ranks of their brethren to the single-handed combat of the desert, they are able, without the support of others, to fight, by the strength of their own arm and the help of God, against the vices of the flesh and their evil thoughts."

in the actual state of things, men were trying to stand on that higher round before they had reached the lower. Benedict aimed to supply the community discipline which is a necessary preliminary. He wanted to draw from his cave, the half-crazed hermit who had loaded himself with chains, and to replace those chains by the mild yoke of Christ.

While Benedict's achievement during his lifetime seems a dazzling success, it must not blind to the slow progress of his idea. Hermits or unattached monks wandered over Europe for centuries after he had formulated his rule. And later Popes were less wise than the Great Gregory, who, in 595, gave official approval to the Benedictine constitution. Gregory the Great saw Benedict's fundamental principle, as few of those who have worn the habit and taken the vows understand it. Gregory saw that Benedict's purpose was to withdraw from activity in the world, a body of men, who, by prayer and meditation, would fill a spiritual reservoir, that, in its turn, would supply, through proper conduits, the pressing spiritual needs of the world. From the view-point of such a secluded or interior body of aspirants, even the Church and its affairs are an activity of the world—external works to which the monks were not to give their interest. Benedict himself was not a priest, but a simple monk. Gregory was drawn from the monastery to be made Bishop.[1] Gregory wished to separate distinctly the monastic and the

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[1] In a recently published Anthology, Mr. Bridges, Poet Laureate, includes one of Gregory's letters, in which, from the Papal throne, he turns longing eyes back toward his cloister.

"Being upon a certain day overburdened with the trouble of worldly business, in which men are oftentimes enforced to do more than of very duty they are bound, I retired to a solitary place congenial to grief, where whatever it was in my affairs that was giving me discontent might plainly reveal itself, and all the things that were wont to inflict me with sorrow might come together and freely present themselves to my sight. And in that place, after that I had sat a long while in silence and great affliction, my very dear son Peter the deacon joined me, who since the flower of his early youth has been attached to me by close friendship and companionship in the study of the sacred books. He, when he saw me overwhelmed in heaviness and languor of heart, questioned me, saying: 'What is the matter? or what bad news have you heard? for some unusual grief plainly possesses you.' To whom I answered: 'O Peter, the grief that I daily endure is with me both old and new: old through long use, and new by continual increase. And truth it is that my unhappy soul, wounded with worldly business, is now calling to mind in what state it once was when I dwelt in my monastery; how then it was superior to all transitory matters, and how it would soar far above things corruptible: How it was accustomed to think only of heavenly things, and tho' enclosed in mortal body would yet by contemplation pass beyond its fleshly bars: while as for death, which is to almost all men a punishment, that did it love, and would consider as the entrance to life, and the reward of its toil. But now by reason of my pastoral charge my poor soul must engage in the business of worldly men; and after so fair a promise of rest it is defiled in the dust of earthly occupations: and when through much ministering to others it spendeth itself on outward distractions, it cannot but return impaired unto those inward and spiritual things for which it longeth. Now, therefore, I am meditating on what I suffer; I weigh what I have lost: and when I think of that loss my condition is the more intolerable. For do but look how the ship of my mind is tossed by the waves and tempest, and how I am battered in the storm. Nay, when I recollect my former life, I sigh as one who turneth back his eyes to a forsaken shore. And what grieveth me yet more is that as I am borne ever onward by the disturbance of these endless billows, I almost lose sight of the port which I left. For thus it is that the mind lapseth: first it is faithless to the good which it held,

ecclesiastic callings, cloistered aspirants from the secular clergy. He therefore decreed that monks should not be drawn from their communities to perform parish duties, that monks who sought and obtained ordination to the priesthood, thereby nullified their monastic contract and should leave the community—except the few who might be necessary for priestly functions within the monastery, and who were made priests at the abbot's suggestion. The existence of such a body of men in a diocese, trustworthy and efficient as they proved themselves, was a constant, tantalizing temptation to the bishop, hard pressed by outer cares. Gregory himself did not adhere to his own regulations, for he summoned from their cloisters the successive bands of monks who civilized Anglo-Saxon England. Missionary colonization is a laudable work; but it is not properly a monk's duty. Later Popes not only followed Gregory's practice, but went further, obliterating, by decrees, that essential difference between the monk and the ecclesiastic. Necessity dictated this Papal action, perhaps; the monks were often the only devoted, unselfish and effective workers to be found.

The distinction between the monk and the ecclesiastic, who, according to monastic standard, is merely a "secular," may seem only one more absurd superstition to the born and bred Protestant. It may, however, be the duty of would-be Theosophists to recognize that distinction and to make it once more of force. We are so accustomed to the "parson's lady," that even the celibacy of secular priests is hard for some to swallow. Yet, if ingrained prejudice could be put aside, how unsuitable it would appear for a spiritual teacher to be involved in provision of silk and laces for his spouse and marriage portions for his daughters! However much local and particular Catholic practice may grate, let it be frankly acknowledged that the Catholic ideal and traditions are not only superior, but are, metaphysically, right, while others are illogical. The Catholic ideal is more compassionate, more charitable. It recognizes among men, social, intellectual and spiritual strata and classes that correspond to the hierarchies of the invisible world. It mercifully ministers to the needs of those classes that actually exist whether men wish to ignore them or not. Catholicism frankly recognizes the low aspirations of the average man, his very limited mental powers, and his wide scope of evil. It therefore proceeds to remove altogether from the field of his interest and concerns the deep and subtle problems of metaphysical theology. It

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tho' it may still remember that it hath forsaken it: then when it hath further strayed, it even forgetteth that good: until it cometh at length to such a pass that it cannot so much as behold in memory what before it had actively practised. All behaveth according to my picture: we are carried so far out to sea that we lose sight of the quiet haven whence we set forth. And not seldom is the measure of my sorrow increased by remembrance of the lives of some who with their whole heart relinquished this present world. Whose high perfection when I behold, I recognize how low I lie fallen: for many of them did in a very retired life please their Maker, and lest by contact with human affairs they should decay from their freshness, almighty God allowed not that they should be harassed by the labours of this world.'"

asks of him no flights of oratory in prayer. It drills into his embryonic mentality a few childlike prayers, and places in his fingers a chain of beads to aid his feeble memory in repeating those words. It seeks to restrain, within the breaking point of rebellion, man's inclination to evil. Protestantism, hating the saints, because they are living reproaches of its low complacency, preaches its hobby of "every man as good as every other," and quite ignores the special needs of various grades of men.

Monastic Orders offer, within the Church, a school for the training of disciples. The Church itself is a sort of big elementary department from which apt pupils are selected for the higher training.

The slowness with which the Benedictine ideal of community life and discipline developed, not breaking into flower, as we have said, until nearly six centuries after the Founder's life, will be apparent, if one considers two or three successful monastic institutions that preceded the great Cistercian movement under Bernard of Clairvaux.

The Carthusian Order, a branch of the sturdy Benedictine trunk, came into existence seven years before Bernard's birth, namely in 1084. The name is derived, through the Latin form, from the Alpine spot near Grenoble, in which the founders settled, Chartreux; the name of the monastery is (popularly) La Grande Chartreuse. The name, Charterhouse, given to English monasteries of this Order, is a colloquial approximation to the pronunciation of the French word. La Chartreuse became the abode of one Bruno, a native of Cologne who received theological training at Rheims and also a long training in details of practical work. While still connected with diocesan affairs at Rheims, Bruno with two companions, drew up a rule of life which they resolved to put into practice as soon as their outer circumstances would permit. For a time Bruno associated himself with Robert, Abbot of Molesme, the saint who gave the initial impulse of the Cistercian Movement; but finally, with his friends, Bruno started his own foundation at Chartreux.

The Carthusian Order combines two modes of life, the hermit's and the cenobite's. A Charterhouse is not a community, but a corporation of hermits who come together, from their solitary life, for a few religious services in a common Chapel. The *Catholic Encyclopedia,* under the word Charterhouse, gives a large drawing of the old London monastery; that drawing, with all parts of the enclosure clearly numbered and amply described in the text, gives a clear idea of the life. The Editors of the *Encyclopedia* authorize the opinion that the London monastery was a normal type. For the benefit of those who may not have access to the book, the account is here briefly given. The monks lived on an inner quadrangle, protected by two outer quadrangles from contact with the world. Each monk dwelt in his own small cottage and each cottage opened upon its own private garden. The ground floor consisted of a work-room, stocked with tools for whatever pursuits the monk chose to engage in, and a small cloistered passageway that served as an outdoor retreat when inclement weather made the garden unsuitable. The upper

floor of the cottage was divided into a sleeping-room, or study and an oratory. Within this domain the monk was absolute ruler. What a haven of bliss! surely, a much closer approximation to Heaven than fabled Eden! Each cottage had its supply of water, and, through a sliding trap door in the wall, the weekly provision of food,—bread and vegetables—was passed in. The monk prepared his own simple meals. The use to be made of the garden, and the particular indoor hobby that should fill his working hours were matters for the monk's choice. A lower degree in the Order—Lay Brothers—did all the outward work connected with the establishment. Three times in twenty-four hours, the monk left his private rooms for a service in the monastery chapel—at dawn, afternoon, and at midnight. He slept seven hours a day in two periods, one of four, and one of three hours. The other religious services (and there were many) which it was a monk's duty to observe, he celebrated alone in his private Oratory. Silence was one of the vows. Obviously, this Carthusian mode of life is quite different from St. Benedict's common refectory, and labours shared, either in the field or library, with the eight canonical services held in common throughout the day, at three hour intervals. The Benedictine Rule was adapted to suit the Carthusian arrangements. But the institution was a collection of hermits rather than a Benedictine family.

Bruno, the Founder spent only six years in his cloistered Alpine hermitage. He was summoned to Italy by the Pope to assist in ecclesiastical matters; he did his work so well the Pope was unwilling to let him return into France. Bruno pleaded for a life of seclusion, and the Pope granted a tract of land in Italy where Bruno made a second foundation, dying there in 1101. The Italian establishment did not have the vitality of Chartreux. It united with the Cistercian Order in 1191. The French mother-house continued its existence, not without checks, until the recent act of expulsion.

The Camaldolese Order, an Italian foundation of the 11th century, differs from the Carthusian in this respect. The Carthusians tried to combine two modes of life in one individual. The Camaldolese do not combine the two forms; they maintain them *separately within one and the same organization;* an assembly of hermits is established in one village—while ten miles distant, perhaps, there may be a real community of monks. Both groups are members of the Camaldolese Order; both obey the same central authority. The Order has, however, regarded the hermit part of its work as the more grave and important.

The Order was founded about 1012 by St. Romuald, one of the monks, who, notwithstanding Benedict's Rule and the insistence upon *permanent* residence, wandered all over the face of Europe. The motive of his wandering seems not to have been the wayward caprice and self-will that too often made the religious habit a mere cloak for vagrancy. He journeyed from place to place for the purpose of tightening the screws in monastic institutions where great relaxation prevailed. Legend has it that Romuald had reformed over one hundred of these degenerate

monasteries before founding his own Order. Let us hope, for the sake of permanency in his reforms, that the legend exaggerates. Romuald finally approached the town Arezzo in Italy. Outside the town he encountered a certain nobleman, Maldolus, by name, who was looking over some fields he owned in that vicinity. Maldolus had recently seen in a dream a ladder rising to Heaven, from one of those fields; monks, in white habits, were climbing the ladder. The upshot of the encounter was the presentation to Romuald of that particular field. The incident gave its name to the Order (Campo, a field, Maldolus, Camaldoli, Camaldolese). The nobleman included in his donation a villa and garden, situated two miles on the other side of Arezzo. That twofold donation influenced the twofold constitution of the Order. In the field, Romuald brought together a corporation of hermits, who, in their mode of life, did not essentially differ from the Carthusian hermits. They lived alone, each with his own garden and meals; they united in a common oratory for a few religious services, celebrating Mass and other services, each in his private oratory. Romuald's avowed purpose in the Campo was to reproduce the old hermit life of the desert, with its extreme practices and harsh asceticism. He put his hermits on a bread and water diet through the whole year save for two days a week when vegetables were added (Benedict allotted two cooked dishes for dinner and one for supper). Benedict had so divided and distributed the Psalter, in the daily services, as to secure its complete reading during the course of a week. Romuald had the entire Psalter read daily. At the Villa, Romuald formed a community which soon became a conventional monastery following the Benedictine Rule. The monastery was subordinated to the hermit village, and had about the same relation to the hermitage as the outer quadrangles bore to the innermost Carthusian cloister. The Villa was to serve as hospice for strangers who might come inquiring, and as residence for the non-hermits, whose labours procured the meagre food and clothing needed by the contemplatives. Romuald wished his hermits to be freed from all distractions.

The Order received Papal sanction in 1072. At that time, under its fourth Abbot, the severe regulations of Romuald were considerably relaxed, in favour of the Benedictine norm. It increased in both forms, and afterwards existed in five different sub-branches. These all recognized the Holy Hermitage of Camaldoli as their centre. It continues today with twenty-one houses and a membership of three hundred.

The year before his death, i. e., 542, Benedict sent his advance guard into France. This was St. Maur, reputed to be the monk most proficient in obedience. The story is told of a brother who came panting to Benedict, after the struggle up the cliff-side, and gasped out: "Placidius (another monk) is drowning in the lake." Benedict turned to St. Maur and told him to run pull his brother out. With unquestioning obedience, Maur rushed down the cliff and out into the lake. He was unable to swim, but his perfect obedience gained the miracle that the waves bore

him up as he walked. Though it was royal authority that had requested a colony of Benedict, and though Clovis's grandson was generous with a grant of land to St. Maur, those early kings had no understanding of the monastic institution. Montalembert gives a vivid narration of the king's blustering effort to hinder a stalwart leader from disposing of himself in the monastery. The king's bluster withered away at sight of St. Maur, and he bent low to the saint's feet. Very often, in those days, the monastery was looked upon as the proper place for prisoners of war. One pities the Abbot in charge of these unwilling brothers.

Though this early planting in France was successful, the Benedictine Rule produced no great movement there until the tenth century when the monastery at Cluny became a centre of pulsing vitality. The interval between the activity of Cluny and the early foundations, those of St. Martin at Tours, of St. Germain at Auxerre,* and of St. Honorat at Lerins, contains only one striking and commanding personality—an Irishman, St. Columbanus.

He was born in 543, the year Benedict died. He kept France and Switzerland on the qui-vive for three decades. His magnetism drew throngs of followers about him. He was gifted with fire and fascination. But he had no tact, and does not seem by nature either monk or abbot, either docile or apt to teach. He founded more than one monastery, and made them populous. But he seems in his true element as missionary among the half-savage pagans of the Alps—not in a cloister.

He received whatever discipline he could take, at Bangor, where three thousand men are said to have formed a monastic centre. He left there at the age of thirty, seeking a more exciting life. Twelve companions associated themselves with him. He crossed into Gaul, which, at that time, under the sons and grandsons of Clovis, was becoming France. He visited, one after another, the rival relatives who governed the subdivisions of Gaul; he built up a community at Luxeuil which became a celebrated centre of learning. But disfavour with the sovereign caused his expulsion from his own establishment, after twenty years of labour, and, though he fought against that decree, he had to go into exile, taking along with him only those monks who were of Irish or British birth. In Switzerland, they did pioneer work among the savage pagans. When Columbanus decided to cross the Alps into Italy, his most able co-worker, St. Gall, remained in Switzerland to continue the Christianizing of the natives; later, St. Gall founded the historic monastery that bears his name. Columbanus, in his old age, gathered disciples around him in Italy, and actually took part in the construction of new buildings, carrying great logs from the forest. His fighting spirit continued, and he battled against a Unitarian heresy that prevailed among the north Italian tribes. At last, after his "fitful fever," he died (615) in a cave oratory

* Occasionally confused with the better known men of the same name but much later date who are referred to in this issue in the article entitled "Count de Saint-Martin."

on the Italian lake shore near the monastery he had constructed. The house at Luxeuil revered his memory and his authority. With the decay of Lerins and Auxerre, and also by its prestige for scholarship, Luxeuil became the chief monastery of seventh century France. Yet, notwithstanding its metropolitan character, and the reverence paid to its brilliant founder, Luxeuil, within fifteen years of its founder's death, accepted, side by side, with his Rule of Life, the Rule of St. Benedict. The progress of that discipline had been quite unostentatious, since its introduction by St. Maur. But its quiet and gradual spread was so steady and so sure that, half a century after the death of Columbanus, it was complete. A Council of Bishops at Autun, in 670, recommended for all religious houses the Latin Rule, and made no mention of the meteoric Celt.

It will be apparent, from the foregoing paragraphs that, though Benedict arranged minutely for the constitution and government of the individual abbey, and though his provisions became generally accepted, there was, however, no unification or centralization—no organization of a whole. Under a strong and wise abbot, a particular monastery would produce saints; and then, in a dearth of leaders, fall into utter relaxation. Some wandering saint might then chance along, a man of vigorous hand but of markedly individual bent; while reforming the relaxation he might, at the same time, turn the current of devotion and the manner of life noticeably away from the Benedictine norm. Such deviations are not, by necessity, reprehensible or to be decried. But they make for endless variations, for a multiplication of orders within orders, that are, mostly, cases of strong personal colouring.

A unification and centralizing of authority was added to the Benedictine Rule by the Cluniac Movement. And it was this Cluniac Movement that prepared for and made possible the Benedictine *primavera,* the Cistercian flowers of Clairvaux.

It was not the celebrated national museum of Paris, the Musée de Cluny, that was the seat of government for more than three hundred monasteries. That Gothic monument was merely a lodge provided for the Abbot-General and his Staff when the business of the Order necessitated his presence in the capital. The Abbey of Cluny, the real centre of the movement and the seat of authority, was in the town of that name, fifteen miles from the better known city of Mâcon. The Order of Cluny is, in no sense, an Order apart from the Benedictine. It accepted the Benedictine Rule, and, on the side of external government, added certain provisions for which St. Benedict in modesty, perhaps, had not seen the need. The Abbey was founded by the Duke of Aquitaine in 910, and was richly endowed by him. When this mother Abbey reached the point of sending out colonies, it did not make those colonies independent houses—as all Benedictine monasteries had been until that time—but retained jurisdiction over them. The heads of those colonies were

called, not Abbots, but Priors; they were appointed by the Abbot of Cluny. The Abbot of Cluny, or his representative, visited the colony houses, once a year or oftener if needed, to watch the life of the house. Postulants who came to the colony house, seeking admission to the Order, were required to spend some part of their period of probation in the mother Abbey, in order that they might become imbued with the spirit propelling the Order. The new system of a central government and authority worked so well in these colonies of Cluny, that many other abbeys that had had no original connection with Cluny, requested to be made part of that system. They surrendered the right to elect their abbot and to manage their own house; they accepted a Prior (or Abbot) appointed by Cluny and submitted to supervision, visitation, etc. Cluny thus became a religious capital regulating the affairs of its dependencies in all countries; and as such a capital, it was a second Rome. Indeed the Abbey Church at Cluny, a structure five hundred and fifty feet long, surpassed anything that Rome could show, and was one of the marvels of Christendom. Unfortunately, outward prosperity brought about the decay of the Order. Its last great Abbot held office from 1122-1156, Peter the Venerable. In St. Bernard's letters, Cluny connotes pride and luxury. A story is told of the scandal caused at Chartreux when St. Bernard visited that mountain retreat. The richness and elegance of the trappings on Bernard's horse occasioned the scandal. It turned out that, absorbed in his meditation, St. Bernard had not noticed the horse, which was lent him for the journey *by a Cluniac monk*. Bernard's opinion of Cluniac standards are very frankly expressed in a letter to his Cousin Robert. This Robert had occasioned a kind of trouble very common at that time, namely the claim of a monastery upon a deserter. The Benedictine vow of permanent residence, should have made desertions—changes, rather,—infrequent; but, on the contrary, they were very numerous. The very foundation of the Cistercian Order was laid in such a desertion; but it was the desertion of a corrupt home to found an austere one. Bernard's cousin had been offered, as an infant, by his parents to the house of Cluny. His family was wealthy and their wealth would probably have gone with their son. But when Bernard was gathering his first followers together, Robert chose to enlist with him. As the Benedictine customs required the parent's offering to be confirmed by the child, when grown, Bernard felt no hesitation in accepting the boy. (Bernard always interpreted the vow of stability in this manner: a monk might justifiably leave a centre of relaxation to seek a more rigorous and austere home; but, if he sought a *less* austere home, his action was entirely wrong). After the boy had had two or three years of discipline under Bernard, certain emissaries from Cluny took advantage of Bernard's absence to entice Robert to Cluny with them. Bernard writes to him in tenderness and sorrow: "Others might reproach thee, doubtless, with the horrible apostasy which has made thee prefer a fine habit, a delicate table, a rich house, to the coarse dress which thou didst wear,

to the simple vegetables which thou didst eat,* to the poverty which thou hadst embraced." Bernard then enumerates the objections made by Cluny to the Cistercian observances, "digging the earth, cutting wood, and carrying the mire." And he deplores the effect upon Robert of the elegant life at Cluny—the costly garments, etc., etc.

A greater change than that of outward government dates from the Cluny period—though the Abbot and monks can hardly be held responsible for it. This is the overlaying of the original Offices of the Hours with extra services, to such an extent that their celebration has now become a professional choir performance in which it is almost impossible for a non-professional to take any part. The original services, *The Divine Office,* as they are technically called, are simple. *The Divine Office* provides for eight daily services; four of these were fixed, at 6 a. m. (Prime), at 9 a. m. (Terce), at noon (Sext), at 3 p. m. (None). The Latin names of these services, Prime, etc., merely represent the Roman way of dividing the hours. The hours of the other services vary somewhat. The first service of all, called Matins, at the beginning of the day, might come any hour after midnight—in Cistercian monasteries of the present day it is held at one o'clock in the morning of Sundays, and at two o'clock on week days. Matins is followed by *Lauds,* so called because it is made up of the "praise" psalms, *Laudate.* In the afternoon, the service after None, is Vespers; it is said usually between four and six o'clock. The day is closed, completed, by Compline (Latin *ad Completorium*) a service held from seven to nine in the evening. One purpose of the *Divine Office* is evident. It serves as regularly recurring periods of recollection. It draws monks from their labours of any kind, farm or library, to recognize, praise, and thank the citizens of the inner world. The Office serves as a bridge from this world of shadows to the world of light. The services for the different hours are almost uniformly made, and are very simple. They begin with *Our Father* and an Invocation of the Divine Presence. Several Psalms are then read,† and are followed by a brief "Lesson" (often only a single sentence from the Bible) and one or more prayers. The services for early morning and evening, contain, in addition, a hymn. There is nothing like a sermon or address, and there is no leader. The brothers take their places in the choir stalls, and read or intone the service. Twenty minutes, probably, would suffice for reading the service decently. The lamentable addition made during the period of Cluny ascendancy, and still persisting, is that known as *The Little Office.* This is an imitation of the *Divine Office,* and consists, likewise, of eight services to be said at the same hours as those in the *Divine Office.* The *Little Office* is said in honour of the Blessed Virgin. The services are like those of the *Divine Office,* psalms, prayers, hymns. But the effect of saying a second series of

* The Cistercians interpret St. Benedict's Rule to exclude fish and eggs as well as meats.

† The Psalms were so distributed as to be read once each week in the course of these services.

offices, also of twenty minute length, in addition to the first, has been to substitute a quantitative for a qualitative standard. The services have become so much printed matter to be gone over—to be gone over at chain lightning speed in order to finish them within a reasonable time. They have become like the average service in an Episcopal Church where Morning Prayer, The Litany and the Communion are said together, one after the other—punctuation, meaning, feeling, all disappear. The Minister and his Choir have a duty to be done. If the congregation attempts to take part (sometimes it is requested not to take part, audibly) it does so in a gasping manner, reaching the second half of the verse when the Minister has already started the following verse.

A second unfortunate and harmful effect upon the Offices of the Hours, has been the ascendancy of the Mass. The Mass has come to be the chief thing in the religious life—in Catholic Communities and in those High Church bodies which endeavour so scrupulously to out-Romanize Rome. With its ascendancy, has come about the elevation of the priest's duty and the degradation of the monk's. Who would be willing to remain a simple, praying monk, when, as priest, he can gain control of the miracles attributed to the Mass? The old status of the Benedictine Order is changed—when Benedict was only a monk, leading men to frequent recollection and prayer. The Hour Offices have become subordinate. The zeal of the monastery centres around the Masses, said by as many members as possible, and as often as possible. To secure this first place in the day for the Masses, the old system has been rearranged and fundamentally altered. Prime, Terce, Sext, etc., are no longer regarded as *hours* for recollection; they are services, to be said, alone or combined, whenever Mass makes it convenient. The absurdity of this rearrangement becomes apparent when the practice is known of some monasteries—that say Matins, the service for day-break, after Compline, in the evening.

The decay and corruption of these admirable monastic customs is lamentable—not a subject for censure or ridicule. If their power and charm appeal to any members of the Society and arouse in them a desire to preserve and improve these old traditions, that warmth of feeling will amply justify the publication of the present series of articles.

SPENCER MONTAGUE.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

IX

THERE are forty-eight direct references by name to the Holy Spirit in the Gospels, twenty-two of which are quoted as sayings of Christ; to which might be added verse eight of the first chapter of *Acts,* where a speech is also put into the Master's mouth. This is no place for a minute exegesis of what the Gospels have to tell us about the Holy Spirit in man. Nevertheless, the need for a scientific, exact, and truly Theosophical interpretation of the sayings of and about Jesus, is a real need, and one which sooner or later must find adequate satisfaction. The difficulty confronting the student is no easy one, so many are the cross-threads he must unravel, and the omissions he is called upon to supply, before he may hope to possess all the clues and all the truths that must inevitably be revealed in the incarnation and life of so great an Avatar. Where so much is expressed in symbolical language, or by the treatment of words in a specially significant sense through long use in the mystery teaching and sacred rites of untold ages, a knowledge of the times, of traditions, of these peculiar uses of words, and of the significance of the mysteries themselves, is essential before full comprehension can be reached. This knowledge can hardly be gained by a study of history, however exact; undoubtedly the full revelation can only come as the result of actual experience on the part of the student himself;—it is only "If any man wills to do his will," that "he shall know of the doctrine" (*St. John,* vii, 17).

In addition to these more prominent calculations that have to be made, there has to be also a careful analysis of the actual words of the text; always in the English; often in the Greek. The *New Testament* of the King James' or the Revised Version is a growth, not some finished production of an orthodox standard edition issued in some early Christian century. Successive translators, or copyists, often entirely unilluminated men, each impressed upon our text his own individual and peculiar interpretation of all the less obviously understandable portions of the still older manuscripts which may have been available; while even these interpretations have often been strangely confused and altered by careless and ignorant copyists. The result is that without some independent knowledge of what Jesus, or one of His disciples, was probably trying to say, the original meaning in many places is almost hopelessly obscured and the passage in question misconstrued. In the face of these many intricacies the following purports to be, therefore, only one more attempt to suggest certain lines along which study might be pursued with profit.

Reference has already been made to the fact that modern theology finds comparatively little of the Pauline conception of a Spirit in the teaching of Jesus, or in the Gospel narratives. This has been largely due on the one hand, as we have endeavored to show, to a complete lack of comprehension of what Paul really was trying to say; while, on the other hand, the Master's references to the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, have been used to fit in with speculative theories about the Trinity which had their rise years after the Ascension; and the fact that His whole life and teaching exemplify Paul's doctrine and his clear enunciation of the possibility of an individual Spirit in each man, is wholly overlooked. The importance of bringing Paul's doctrine into entire harmony with the Master's thoroughly well integrated message is not merely one of prime importance, but is an actual necessity if we shall ever hope rightly to understand all that Jesus has left us in the revelation of Himself. For Paul, be it remembered, was a specially chosen instrument and disciple of the Master, selected, no doubt, not only because he was willing to do the work, but also because he was capable, because he had the powers of mind and heart which made him an effective and adequate interpreter of the kingdom of heaven to his fellow men, and especially to men of the Western world. So we must understand Paul to understand Christ; if we do not understand Paul, we fail so far in understanding Christ; if we understand one we inevitably understand the other, because "All things have been delivered unto me of my Father: and no one knoweth the Son, save the Father; neither doth any know the Father, save the Son, *and he to whomsoever the Son willeth to make a revelation.*" (*St. Matt.* xi, 27.) Paul lays direct claim to such a revelation, and the records of his life and his Epistles witness the validity of this claim.

There is one iterated assertion of Paul's which is still a matter of almost hopeless confusion to translators and commentators alike, but which bears an important relation to the mission of Christ. We have seen how he claims the birth of the Spirit in himself; the clearly conscious possession of it. This birth occurred about the time of his conversion, for, in the description of it which he himself gives, he speaks of "the unveiling of Iêsous, of the Christos"[1] within him as the start of his new life.

Now this passage alone offers many points for consideration. ἀποκάλυψις (apocalypse) besides being the word chosen by John to describe his book of *Revelation,* is one that seems to have throughout a direct connection with the divine mysteries. It means strictly to remove a cover, hence, to unveil, to reveal opinions or designs, and is especially used of the inner senses. A good, nearly contemporaneous example, is to be found in the Septuagint *Old Testament,* where Balaam, who was unable to see the angel blocking the way (as was his

[1] Gal. i, 12. δι' ἀποκαλύψεως Ἰησοῦ τοῦ Χριστοῦ. This is according to certain MSS. readings. We have deliberately departed from the Authorized Version.

simple-minded donkey), receives finally special aid from God;—"Then Jehovah *unveiled* the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of Jehovah standing in the way, with his sword drawn in his hand; and he bowed his head, and fell on his face."[1] Again in *Ruth* there is a similar popular use of the term. Boaz says to Naomi's kinsman "I will unveil thine ear,"[2] meaning, as the Revised Version expresses it, "I thought to discover it unto thee." It is the inner faculty of perception, the astral or truly perceptive senses within the physical sight and hearing which are referred to. Paul uses the word specifically in this sense elsewhere, as, for instance, in reference to his vision when he was "caught up even to the third heaven," saying "but I will come to visions and *unveilings* of the Lord." "I know a man in Christ . . ."[3] he adds significantly, but we shall return to this passage later. So again, still more directly, "Howbeit we speak wisdom among the perfect: yet a wisdom not of this age, nor of the rulers of this age, which are coming to naught: but we speak God's wisdom [*θεοῦ σοφίαν* = theosophia] in a mystery, that which hath been hidden, which God foreordained, before the ages unto our glory: . . . For unto us God *unveiled* it through the Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."[4]

The other *New Testament* writers frequently use this word with this specially interesting signification. Thus St. Luke tells us of Simeon "and the Holy Spirit was upon him. And it had been *unveiled* unto him by means of the Holy Spirit, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Christos of the Lord (or of a Master)."[5] And Simeon, full of the traditional expectation of a new dispensation and of a new revelation about the Spirit, calls the Christos "a light for the unveiling of the Gentiles." So also we find St. Peter speaking of "the unveiling of Iêsous Christos," about which the prophets, "searching what, or what manner of time, the Spirit of Christos which was in them, did point out, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glories that should follow them. To whom it was unveiled, that not unto you did they minister these things, which now have been announced unto you in the Holy Spirit sent forth from heaven; which things angels desire to look into." (*I Peter,* i, 11-12.)

Now there is a second frequent use of this word, which brings us to another point in the phrase of Paul first quoted, "the unveiling of Iêsous, of the Christos" within him. This is a reference to the so-called "second-coming," or presence of Christ, already examined briefly in section III, October QUARTERLY, 1915. Paul speaks of "the unveiling of the Lord Jesus from heaven with the angels of his power

[1] *Numbers,* xxii, 31, Sept. *ἀπεκαλύψεν τους ὀφθαλμοὺς.*

[2] *Ruth,* iv, 4, Sept. *ἀποκαλύψω τὸ ους σου.*

[3] *II Cor.* xii, 1, *ff.*

[4] *I Cor.* ii, 6, 7, 10, cf. iii, 13, and *Romans,* viii, 18.

[5] *St. Luke,* verses 25, 26, and 32. This last phrase is usually translated "the Lord's Christ," an interpretation devoid of parallel usages, and without any precedent that I can find.

in flaming fire . . . when he shall come to be glorified in his saints."[1] Again, he speaks of the Corinthians as "waiting for the unveiling of the Lord of us, Iêsous Christos."[2] And Peter, who speaks of himself as "also a partaker of the glory that shall be unveiled," writes "but insomuch as ye are partakers of the sufferings of Christ, rejoice; that also at the unveiling of his glory ye may rejoice with exceeding joy. If ye are reproached in the name of Christ, ye are blessed; because the Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you."[3]

The close and repeated connection of this word ἀποκάλυψις with the mysteries and with the glory revealed in the Holy Spirit brings us to the further complex and difficult problem as to what Paul meant by these names, "the unveiling of Iêsous, of the Christos" within him. We know that divine names had a very rich meaning to the initiate,—that their lettering and syllabification were true symbols in themselves of the principles and powers which reside in man—the "image of God." So when Paul speaks of "the Christos" born in him in one place, and of "a Spirit" born in him in the same sense and used almost synonymously, in another, there rises a natural query as to whether there must not be some real connection in his mind. If the Spirit (Pneuma), which is the new, the heavenly man, perfected in righteousness, and the Christos, are in some sense synonymous, then we obtain at once a luminous point of contact between Paul's Spirit doctrine and the living incarnation of the Christos, of the divine-human Jesus Christ. For the man Jesus, being also the incarnation of the Christos, lived the perfect life of the Spirit, or of the Christos, which Paul is constantly exhorting his disciples to do. And subsequently, Paul and these disciples, who would inevitably partake of the same Spirit as that of the Master on whose ray they were, would speak quite naturally of the Spirit in them as also the Christos in them, and as identical with it. We remember Paul's descriptive phrase: "Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christos, he is none of his" (*Rom.* viii, 9).

Paul of course does not limit this birth of the Christos in himself, to himself alone. To the Colossians he writes of "The mystery which hath been hid from the ages, and from the generations, but now is made manifest to his saints, to whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery in the Gentiles, which is Christos in you, the hope of glory: which we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in the Christos." (i, 26-9.) While again: "For as in Adam all die, so also in the Christos shall all be made alive" (*I Cor.* xv, 22); and, to the Galatians, "My little children, of whom I am again in travail until a Christos be formed in you" (iv. 19).

The determination and proper translation of these passages is very

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[1] *II Thess.* i, 7-10.
[2] *I Cor.* i, 7.
[3] *I Peter,* v, 1; and iv, 13-14.

difficult, as the obvious confusion of the texts handed down to us leaves Paul's original intention almost undiscoverable. Yet the very juxtaposition of these few phrases shows that Paul at times certainly meant more by the use of the name Christos than a simple recognition of the man Jesus. So that after struggling with the many variations of the various manuscripts and codices, it is left to the student to select such as fit in best with his own scheme of interpretation,—which, after all, is what the learned, if not greatly illuminated, Biblical critics themselves are forced to do. In the nature of the case this would have little value unless certain principles which governed Paul's choice of words—his forms of thought,—were discoverable, and, once discovered, were reapplied to the unfixed and infinite records of what he wrote.

Now there are three things that Paul could mean by the terms Iêsous and Christos. He might be referring to the particular personality who incarnated in Palestine; he might be speaking of the overshadowing principle in Nature which is represented by the second person of the Trinity in all religions, under whatever name; and he might be referring to that aspect of this universal principle which has its correspondence in man—especially in the disciple—"made in the image of God." That the average commentator has no such distinctions in his own mind, and therefore does not see them in St. Paul, is patent on the face of it.

The first and most obvious departure from Paul is in the very accounts given in *Acts* of his conversion. The Greek of the manuscripts followed by the Authorized Version reads literally "And straightway he preached *the* Christos in the synagogues, that he is the son of *the* God."[1] The Authorized Version omits rendering the definite article before Christos without any cause or explanation; while the Revised Version, omitting likewise the article, chooses from remaining, and equally authoritative, manuscripts, the name Iêsous, and substitutes it for Christos. So in the matter of the resurrection there is confusion upon confusion. The A. V. reads in *Romans* viii, 34, "It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again." The R. V. inserts "Jesus," rendering it "It is Christ Jesus that died, yea rather, that was raised from the dead." Now the Greek contains several variations, but taking simply those accepted by these commentators as most authoritative, we get "It is *the* Christos that died, and rather also rose out of death."[2] If we followed the R. V., it would be impossible to say whether Paul is dealing with the mystic doctrine of the descent of Spirit into matter, or not; while the A. V. again omits the article, which makes it impossible to judge whether Paul is dealing with the universal Christos or with *the* Christos, type of what all mankind must experience in the course of evolution and spiritual growth. So again we find a little further on, "For to this

[1] *Acts* ix, 20.

[2] Cf. back, Section VI, on Paul's use of the word νέκρος for spiritually dead. Cf. also immediately preceding in Chap. vi, 13 of *Romans*, where Paul tells them "neither present your members unto sin as weapons of unrighteousness; but present yourselves unto God, as alive from the dead" (or "from death").

end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living,"—which in the Greek is far less a reference to the personal resurrection of Jesus than to an episode in the drama of spiritual life which the great avatar lived as an example;—for the Greek reads "To this end the Christos died and lived, to be master of (or to master) both death and life" (*Romans,* xiv, 9).

Another striking example of this is to be found in the *Epistle to the Ephesians.* The A. V.: "But God . . . even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved) . . . ," while some manuscripts read "But God [ὁ θεός —with the article does not mean quite the same thing as the term "God" with us. Mr. Johnston has translated it "the Eternal"] . . . even when we were dead through our sins, quickened us together in the Christos (by grace ye have been saved)." Now this translation, and, unless specified, all our renderings, follow the same Greek text used by the compilers of both Versions.[1]

The inference to be drawn from even these few instances is surely, not that Paul was ignorant or careless, but that the scribes have done such unintelligent work that there is no certainty at all as to what Paul really wrote,—whether "Iêsous," or "the Master," or "the Christos." It is the mould of anthropomorphic dogmatism into which Paul's message has been cast that is responsible for the constant confusion of these terms. First the ancient scribes; and now their successors the Bible critics (whose qualifications are usually limited to a knowledge of standard theologies and the Greek language, and which unfortunately do not extend to the religious life or the mysteries of the kingdom) have had their minds so full of the usual view of the Master that they quite naturally read into Paul's phrases their own one-pointed views, and saw nothing reprehensible in adding very frequently to the text itself, in order to make clearer what they believed to be his meaning. But as a fruit of our study we can probably see that Paul had in mind a quite other and deeply mystical teaching; that he spoke often of the Master by name, but that he also was expounding the descent of the Universal Spirit, typified by Christ, into man,—and its entering not merely into mankind in general, but into each man,—an individual incarnation, at the second birth, of a Christos, a Spirit, in him. Paul was a mystic; while our Bible, through which we have to approach Paul, is the seasoned product of the theologian with no understanding of his mystical teaching. We are therefore justified in believing that they have read their theology into his mystical words; and as they were in the habit of making changes in the text, as we know they were, we are justified in attempting to restore what can still be detected of mystery teaching where we are able to find it.

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[1] For a few more similar examples compare the A. V. with the R. V. in any of the following instances: *Rom.* x, 17; xii, 11; xiv, 5; xv, 8; *I Cor.* v, 5; x, 9; *II Cor.* iii, 17; *Ephesians,* iii, 6; *Philippians,* ii, 30; *Colossians,* iii, 13-16; *Jude,* verse 4.

In the preceding sections we have seen the oldest *Old Testament* writers speaking of a Spirit breathed into man, of prophets, kings, and priests possessed of it;—while the Kabala, the Talmud, and Philo record the carrying down to our era of the same experience. It is in Philo that we get the philosophical linking of Greek with Hebrew thought, and it is Philo who identifies the Spirit and the Logos for us. Now St. John uses the Logos as one with Christ, and speaks of the Logos made flesh and dwelling among us. St. Paul, moreover, just after saying "that the children of Israel could not look upon the face of Moses for the glory of his face," so that he had to "put a veil upon his face," and suggesting at the same time—"how shall not rather the ministration of the Spirit be in glory," says that now this veil "is done away in the Christos. . . . But whensoever a man shall turn to the Lord, the veil is taken away. Now *the Lord is the Spirit:* and where the Spirit of the Lord is, is freedom"[1] (or liberation in the Eastern sense). Here we have another strand woven into this chain of interrelated arguments. Paul characteristically adds "But we all, with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord, the Spirit."

These three men, then, Philo, John, and Paul, give us three interlinking factors, by means of which we may gain far greater comprehension, both of the Master's purpose in His incarnation, and of the Holy Spirit. Philo shows that the Spirit and the Logos meet in man; Christ and the Logos are identified by John; while Paul speaks interchangeably of the Lord or the Christos being the Spirit which is born in us at the second birth. Each overlaps the other and contributes a necessary link in the chain of reasoning which will enable us to realize on the one hand, the numerous correspondences between the three great national currents and types of thought represented by these men,—and on the other hand, to form by this combination a new and enlarged conception of the meaning and scope of Christ's life and doctrine.

Theology does not recognize these correspondences in at all the same degree. This is partly due to the desire to belittle or prove heretical the works of a pagan like Philo; and partly to the already mentioned ignorance of what both Philo and Paul were presenting. The inevitable result of this is to have established a thoroughly distorted view of Christ's true importance—his universal significance. It is not enough to have given Christ the highest place after the Father; theology has diminished and contracted its universe to such a degree that it is still unable to cope with the almost entirely material science of the age, and is still blindly ignorant of the mysteries of the kingdom of which it claims to be the custodian and interpreter. Christian theology is an expression of but a part of the truth, though in the light of other knowledge it can be seen to contain "all things necessary to salvation."

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[1] *II Cor.* iii, 7, 8, 13, 14, 16-18.

Christ Himself, then, and all of His teaching, can, and *must* some day, be understood in the light of a larger knowledge than that usually held. How great this knowledge may be is indicated by Madame Blavatsky in the *Secret Doctrine*. But the only method possible of attaining this knowledge is to master it bit by bit, first through study, and then through the living of it out in daily life—thereby transmuting merely mental cultivation into the heart and essence of our enduring consciousness. Once we begin to do this, Christ's life and teaching will become the example and guide in that life of the Spirit about which Paul also wrote so much. For Christ's life was the supreme example of the life of the Spirit in man,—fully conscious and endowed with all its powers. In this way Paul's doctrine, and Christ's life and discourse will be seen as pieces of one whole, expressions in kind, though of differing degree, articulations of the same fundamental facts of spiritual life and the spiritual kingdom.

It does not fall within the scope of this study to examine what might be termed the ethical and practical side of the subject. The Sermon on the Mount, addressed only to disciples, or the great utterance on charity with its correlations in St. John's *Epistles,* or the discourses during the Last Supper,—these things are the practical rules which govern the life of the twice-born man. It remains for us to discover in the more clearly marked utterances of Christ His own corroboration of that body of doctrine about the Spirit which had preceded Him, and to which, through Paul, He gave new clearness; and also, finally, to relate it with what Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Judge, and other writers have written on the same subject. JOHN BLAKE, JR.

(*To be continued*)

A man's chief care ought to be turned within himself: the renunciation of self-will is a greater thing than the raising of the dead to life.

—S. IGNATIUS.

PAUL THE DISCIPLE

III

On the Road to Damascus

WE have three narratives of the decisive event in the life of Paul the disciple, his meeting with the Master, to whom he thenceforth dedicated all the strength and ardour of his indomitable soul, laying, under the Master's immediate personal supervision, the foundations of the new world.

And it happens that, of these three detailed narratives, two are found in a part of the record which is regarded by all critics as especially accurate and objective: the passages in the *Acts* which embody the diaries of Luke who, during much of this period, was in the company of Paul, and one of his most trusted friends. The division of the *Acts* which directly incorporates Luke's travel diaries begins with *Acts* 16, 11: "Setting sail therefore from Troas, we made a straight course to Samothrace, and the day following to Neapolis; and from thence to Philippi, which is a city of Macedonia, the first of the district, a (Roman) colony: and we were in this city tarrying certain days. And on the sabbath day we went forth without the gate by a river side, where we supposed there was a place of prayer; and we sat down, and spake unto the women which were come together. And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, one that worshipped God, heard us: whose heart the Master opened, to give heed unto the things which were spoken by Paul . . ." A second passage of the travel diary begins with *Acts* 20, 6: "And we sailed away from Philippi after the days of unleavened bread (March-April), and came unto them to Troas in five days; where we tarried seven days. And upon the first day of the week, when we were gathered together, Paul discoursed with them, intending to depart on the morrow; and prolonged his speech until midnight. And there were many lights in the upper chamber where we were gathered together . . . And after these days we made ready our baggage and went up to Jerusalem. And there went with us also certain of the disciples from Caesarea . . . And when we were come to Jerusalem, the brethren received us gladly. And the day following Paul went in with us unto James (the brother of Jesus)."

In the same simple, direct way, Luke's travel diary goes on to relate that Paul was attacked by the Jews and rescued by Claudius Lysias, the Roman military tribune; that Paul asked and received permission to address the Jews. Standing on the stair of the Roman guardhouse, Paul spoke, in the current dialect of Hebrew:

"Brethren and fathers, hear ye the apologia which I make unto you . . .

"I am a Jew, born in Tarsus of Cilicia, but brought up in this city, at the feet of Gamaliel, instructed according to the strict manner of the law of our fathers, being zealous for God, even as ye all are this day: and I persecuted this Way unto the death, binding and delivering into prisons both men and women. As also the High Priest doth bear me witness, and all the estate of the elders: from whom also I received letters unto the brethren, and journeyed unto Damascus, to bring them also which were there unto Jerusalem in bonds, for to be punished.

"And it came to pass that, as I made my journey, and drew nigh unto Damascus, about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me. And I fell unto the ground, and heard a voice saying unto me, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?

"And I answered, Who art thou, Master?

"And he said unto me, I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest.

"And they that were with me beheld indeed the light, but they heard not the voice of him that spake to me.

"And I said, What shall I do, Master?

"And the Master said unto me, Arise, and go into Damascus; and there it shall be told thee of all things which are appointed for thee to do.

"And when I could not see for the glory of that light, being led by the hand of them that were with me, I came into Damascus. And one Ananias, a devout man according to the law, well reported of by all the Jews that dwelt there, came unto me, and standing by me said unto me,

"Brother Saul, receive thy sight. And in that very hour I looked upon him. And he said,

"The God of our fathers hath appointed thee to know his will, and to see the Righteous One, and to hear a voice from his mouth. For thou shalt be a witness unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard. And now why tarriest thou? arise and be baptised, and wash away thy sins, calling on his name.

"And it came to pass, that, when I had returned to Jerusalem, and while I prayed in the temple, I fell into a trance (ecstasy), and saw Him saying unto me, Make haste, and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem: because they will not receive of thee testimony concerning me. And I said, Master, they themselves know that I imprisoned and beat in every synagogue them that believed on thee: and when the blood of Stephen thy witness was shed, I also was standing by, and consenting, and keeping the garments of them that slew him. And he said unto me, Depart: for I will send thee forth far hence unto the Gentiles . . ."

We have here, therefore, the account in Paul's own words, as reported by his friend and companion Luke, who was present and who recorded Paul's address in his travel diary with the same careful accuracy

with which we have found him narrating the details of their common journeys.

Paul was speaking with chains on his wrists, and these chains echo through many of his letters: "Paul the prisoner; Paul in bonds; remember my chains . . ." On the following day he was again confronted with his accusers, when Paul was in danger of being torn to pieces. Once more rescued, he was brought to the Roman guardhouse. "And the night following the Master stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer: for as thou hast testified concerning me at Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome."

Paul was thereon sent, with a guard of nearly five hundred Roman soldiers, to Caesarea, the seat of the Roman governor, Felix, a city on the seashore half way between Joppa and Mount Carmel; they made the journey thither in two stages of some twenty-five or thirty miles each, stopping at Antipatris on the way. At Caesarea, Paul was fully heard by Felix, remanded, and kept under arrest for more than two years, Luke being still his companion. Then, when King Agrippa, of the family of Herod, came to Caesarea, Paul was given an opportunity to set forth his case before the King. At this time also he gave an account of the great event on the Damascus road:

"I think myself happy, King Agrippa, that I am to make my apologia before thee this day touching all the things whereof I am accused by the Jews: because thou art especially expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

"My manner of life, then, from my youth up, which was from the beginning among mine own nation, and at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; having knowledge of me from the first, if they be willing to testify, how that after the straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand here to be judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers; unto which promise our twelve tribes, earnestly serving God night and day, hope to attain. And concerning this hope I am accused by the Jews, O King! Why is it judged incredible with you, if God raise the dead?

"I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. And this I also did in Jerusalem: and I both shut up many of the saints in prisons, having received authority from the chief priests, and when they were put to death, I gave my vote against them. And punishing them often times in all the synagogues, I strove to make them blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto foreign cities.

"On which errand as I journeyed to Damascus with the authority and commission of the chief priests, at midday, O King, I saw on the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them that journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice saying unto me in the Hebrew tongue,

Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against the goads.

"And I said, Who art thou, Master?

"And the Master said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But arise, and stand upon thy feet: for to this end have I appeared unto thee, to appoint thee a minister and a witness both of the things wherein thou hast seen me, and of the things wherein I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom I send thee, to open their eyes, that they may turn from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive remission of sins and an inheritance among them that are made holy, through faith in me."

"Wherefore, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision . . ."

Luke makes it quite clear that he was present as Paul's companion at this time also, and that we have here once more a page from his diary, for, relating the result of this address, he says:

"The King rose up, and the governor, and Berenice, and they that sat with them: and when they had withdrawn, they spake one to another, saying, This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds. And Agrippa said unto Festus, This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Caesar.

"And when it was determined that we should sail for Italy, they delivered Paul and certain other prisoners to a centurion named Julius, of the Augustan cohort. And embarking in a ship of Adramyttium, which was about to sail unto the places on the coast of Asia, we put to sea, Aristarchus, a Macedonian of Thessalonica, being with us. And the next day we touched at Sidon: and Julius treated Paul kindly, and gave him leave to go unto his friends and receive attention. And putting to sea from thence, we sailed under the lee of Cyprus, because the winds were contrary . . ."

Paul's narratives, therefore, both at Jerusalem and at the Roman station of Caesarea on the seashore, come to us as a part of Luke's diary, taken down at the time, and in all likelihood submitted to Paul himself for any necessary revision or correction. So we can feel certain that we have Paul's own words.

Paul, speaking first under the very shadow of the revered Temple at Jerusalem, in which he loved to pray, makes it quite evident that it was his intense love of religion, as he understood religion, that armed him against the teachings and the disciples of the Master Jesus. We have seen Paul sitting at the feet of Gamaliel, his mind already prepared by an early touch with the ideas of Hellenic philosophy, since the Platonists, the Epicureans and the Stoics all had their famous teachers and their public discourses in Paul's native Tarsus. And indeed there was deep study and appreciation of Hellenic thought and philosophy among all the more studious Jews at this period, the period of Paul's student

days. Philo, the most eminent living Jewish thinker, had published his widely read works which interpret the older Jewish scriptures according to the thought of Plato's idealism, and his writings had met with immense success, so that he came to be regarded as the representative man among the Jews.

Whether from his teacher at Jerusalem, the learned and liberal minded Gamaliel, or through study and reading of his own—more probably the former—Paul was very familiar with the thought, the Platonic idealism, of Philo, and also with his method of interpreting the Old Testament narratives as allegories. Both the process and the word are found in Paul's letters, as when, writing to the Galatians, he says: "Which things contain an allegory; for these women are two covenants . . ."

But Paul was even more deeply attached to the older, more literal view, and, above all, to the promise made by Jehovah to Abraham: "And he brought him forth abroad and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them: and he said unto him, so shall thy seed be . . ."

It was because Paul's fiery zealous heart, passionately bound up in the sacred tradition of Jehovah's doings with Israel, was so full of ardent longing for the promised Messiah who should restore the throne of David, making Jerusalem a splendid capital as in the days of Solomon, and spreading the sceptre of Israel over all the nations of the earth, precisely because of this fiery longing for the coming King and Kingdom, that Paul could not endure the Way of the Nazarene, nor for a moment tolerate the claims of his disciples.

For Paul, with the zealous and ardent among his countrymen, looked for a Messiah, a King, strong and mighty, wearing, like David, a crown of gold. These men offered him a King indeed, so announced by Pilate's mocking inscription, but crowned with thorns, with a reed in his right hand for a sceptre; and, instead of a triumphant kingdom, that should rule over all nations, a sect persecuted, reviled, contemned, despicable. Instead of David's throne set up once more on Zion, the Cross set up on Golgotha. We cannot tell for certain, but Paul may have been one of those who cried out, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" But every fibre of Paul's zealous and deeply believing soul was outraged and enraged by the claim that this was the fulfilment of the promise to Israel. Rather than accept this King of mockery and disgrace, he would stamp out the very memory of him from among men. So, breathing fire and slaughter, he went down, with armed men and with authority from the High Priest, to Damascus.

On the road, the Master met him. It was no vision of the night, but an appearance in broad daylight, about midday. The Master, Paul's narrative makes it clear, did not appear as a physical body, but in a radiant form, which was so full of light that he and the men with him, blinded, fell on their faces on the ground. We are instantly reminded of that earlier self-revelation of the Master: "He was transfigured before them:

and his face did shine as the sun, and his garments became white as the light . . . behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them: and behold a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased . . ."

It is evident that, in both cases, the one before, and the other after, the Crucifixion, the Master made himself visible in the "spiritual body;" what Paul, writing to the Corinthian disciples, calls the "celestial body." To make clear Paul's own understanding of this, we shall quote what he himself says:

"Now if Christ is preached that he hath been raised from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? . . .

"But some will say, How are the dead raised? and with what manner of body do they come? Thou foolish one, that which thou thyself sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be, but a bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other kind; but God giveth it a body even as it pleased him, and to each seed a body of its own . . .

"There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial . . .

"So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body . . ."

This, then, is Paul's teaching concerning the Master: the natural body was laid in the tomb, in corruption, in weakness, in dishonour; the Master rose in the spiritual body, in incorruption, in glory, in power. In this spiritual body, he appeared to the older disciples who had known him in the flesh; only after a time, did they completely recognize him, but, even before that recognition, their hearts burned within them, as they talked with him in the way.

That last wonderful phrase, from the journey of the two disciples to Emmaus, strikes the keynote of the Master's subsequent appearance to Paul, on the Damascus Road. He did not enter into any disquisition concerning his Incarnation, or his Messiahship, of Paul's own misunderstanding of the spiritual kingship of that Messiah and the future kingdom of Israel. His appeal was directly to the heart: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" And Paul's heart burned within him, as he talked with him on the way.

It must be remembered that Paul was neither irreligious nor indifferent; on the contrary, he was full of a fiery zeal for religion, as he understood it. He was not careless or forgetful of the hope of Israel; rather, he was neglecting every material and temporal interest, in tireless, merciless efforts toward the coming and the triumph of the Messiah, the spiritual King.

And as, burning with fiery zeal for the coming King and his reign among the nations, Paul, at full noontide, came near to Damascus, then as now a city embowered in gardens and groves of trees, but approached

through a desert, the Master appeared to him, not a King of mockery and contempt, as, perhaps, Paul had seen him before Pilate, but in the full radiance of the spiritual man, "his face shining as the sun, his raiment white as the light," announcing himself: "I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest."

And, seeing and hearing, Paul's heart burned within him till the wrath and enmity against the Master and his disciples was melted into a fiery devotion, that was to last his whole life long. And so blinding, so overwhelming was the vision, that for three days Paul went about as one bereft of sight, led by the hand of those who were with him. In one sense, there was no great change in his thought and spirit. He who had said, with ardent and impatient heart, "The King is coming," now reverently whispered with wonderstruck heart, "The King has come." But in another sense the change was so complete and sweeping, that Paul was indeed a new man, his whole past washed away, as symbolized in the rite of baptism, awakening to the consciousness that the kingdom had come, not in conquering might but in lowliness, not in triumph, but in humiliation, not upon the throne but upon the Cross. Paul, once brought into touch with the Master, never again lost that living, interior contact. We have already recorded, in connection with the first narrative of his vision, two later and most critical occasions, both at Jerusalem, on which the Master appeared to Paul, speaking to him words that have been exactly recorded. But Paul's relation to the Master meant, on his own testimony, very much more than these striking appearances divided by intervals of years: it meant a continuing inward communion, the mind of the disciple being blended with the mind of the Master, so that Paul could truly say, "We have the mind of Christ." It meant, throughout all the remaining days and years of Paul's life, and especially during the three days' darkness, during which he was as one blind, a deep union with the Master's suffering also, a real sharing of his crucifixion, so that "we being dead together with Christ, shall rise together with him."

In this inner death and rising again, through the final and complete giving up of the external Messianic hope, the dream of the triumphant earthly kingdom, the dream, perhaps, of a personal share in its domination and glory; and the acceptance, instead, of the outcast lot of the rejected Nazarene,—in this inner transformation, this softening and dissolving of Paul's whole nature through humiliation, lies the essence of that death and new birth which thenceforth formed the centre of his thought and teaching. And in this inner transformation we find the second and more general meaning of the sentences already quoted: "it is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body . . . The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is of heaven . . . And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the

image of the heavenly . . . For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

It is in this sense that Paul writes to the Galatian disciples: "I have been crucified with Christ; yet I live; and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me . . ." And he looks for exactly the same inner transformation and renewal in the case of those disciples: "My little children, of whom I am again in travail until Christ be formed in you . . ." and to another group of disciples: "that ye may be strengthened with power through his Spirit in the inward man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith . . . till we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

The subjection of the will is accomplished by calmly resigning thyself in everything that internally or externally vexes thee; for it is thus only that the soul is prepared for the reception of divine influences. Prepare the heart like clean paper, and the Divine Wisdom will imprint on it characters to His own liking.—M. de Molinos.

WHAT ARE WE?*

"What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the Son of Man, that thou visitest him?"—PSALMS, 8; 4.

I AM neither a teacher nor a philosopher; only a student seeking for the answer to Pilate's question, which is indeed only the query of the ages,—"What is truth?"

There are times when writing seems to be helpful to me in this search, but aside from any question of personal helpfulness, I have two other reasons which prompt me to write:

(a) I may happen on some thought that will show some new facet of many sided truth to some other student; and,

(b) Whether I am right or wrong, what I write may reach the eye of someone who *knows,* and who will see in it an appeal for help.

One who attempts to write on any philosophical or metaphysical subject can hardly avoid being either consciously or unconsciously a plagiarist. We are likely to give as our own, ideas that had their birth in the minds of others, perhaps centuries ago. It may not be a conscious plagiarism, for the thoughts may be really and truly original in so far as we are concerned. Their re-appearance in our mind seems to confirm the statement of the Hebrew poet who calls himself "the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem":

> "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.
>
> "Is there anything whereof it may be said, See this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us."

We plume ourselves on some thought that to us is new, and which we believe is not only original but is an addition to the sum of human knowledge. We turn the pages of some book,—perhaps the Bible, the *Bhagavad Gita,* Plato, Aristotle, Marcus Aurelius, or it may indeed be the work of any one of a thousand other minds, and our idea which we thought new and original calls out to us from the printed pages. Old, old it may be, as the buried centuries, and probably clothed in language more strikingly beautiful and diction more grand than anything of which we are capable. What I shall say, therefore, will be said with full knowledge that I am traversing one of the threshing floors of the ages. My highest hope will be that I may here and there chance on a grain of truth that those who preceded me have overlooked.

* Read before Psychical Research Section of Woman's Dept. Club, Indianapolis.

I realize also that in such an attempt we all labour under a handicap, —a handicap greater than we are apt to realize. We may imagine ourselves open-minded and unbiased, but it is doubtful if we ever are. We all have more or less pronounced opinions concerning many matters, which give us a bias hard to overcome,—especially hard because we are as a rule unconscious of its existence. Heredity, education, and environment, all play their part in the creation of these pre-judgments. With most of us there are certain things which we have always taken for granted. We have never reasoned about them, because we have assumed that the door for argument concerning them was closed. It will be well for all of us if we adopt as our motto, "Nothing can be higher than Truth." Paul's advice to the Thessalonians is well worth remembering: "Prove all things, hold fast only that which is good."

We feel that we are enveloped in mystery. Our outlook is on a changing universe, while we speculate on what lies back of the changes. Even the rock-ribbed mountains are only less changing than the clouds that float across the sky. Unseen forces are constantly building and constantly breaking down the structures built by other unseen forces. We turn to ourselves, and we find that our bodies, like everything about us, are also changing, and we know that sooner or later the entire structure will crumble and disintegrate. I am able to think of the end that will certainly come, and can tell with reasonable certainty just what the process will be that will end in the complete disintegration of the physical thing I call my body. But here arises a question: Is it really my body,— a something I possess? If so, I am a something separate or separable from it. Otherwise it is not *my* body, it is I, and I am simply a body, a something that has as one of its faculties the power to do what I am pleased to call thinking and reasoning. Either I am a something that can think and reason, a something that possesses and inhabits the body and has power to use its wonderful mechanism, its combination of nerves, of bones, of muscle, sinews, and glands, to give expression to my thoughts and transmute them into action, or else I am a mere automaton, a wonderful piece of mechanism, and no more. I am either an invisible, intelligent entity, the temporary occupant of that piece of mechanism, with the power to use it, or my so-called thoughts and my boasted reasoning are no more than the products of a cunningly contrived machine. In the one case the real I and my body are separate entities, and I am in control, with the power to choose and direct my course in life, and to compel my body to obey my will. In the other, there is no "I" separate and apart from my body. My body and I are one and the same thing. I have been built and set to running by an unknown power, with no choice as to what I may do. The time and manner of my running rests with that unknown power. I am the merest puppet of a relentless fate, destined to run until I run down, and then I shall cease to be. Which of the two am I? In either event, my actions are directed by an intelligent control. The question is,—is that controlling intelligence an

independent entity that inhabits my body, or has the intelligence and power which planned and designed my body done its work so skillfully that I only *seem* to possess an intelligence, a will and a power of my own, when in reality the intelligence and power all come from without?

The biologist traces the evolution of physical man back to a primordial germ. But whence and how the germ came, he cannot even guess. Nor can he tell the source or the nature of the power that is able to start with that germ and build from it a human body. He knows only that it is one of the many modes in which that which we call force or energy manifests. He gives that mode of force a name and calls it life, but strives in vain to solve the mystery of its genesis or of its action, except that all organic structures owe their existence to its work, and that when it ceases to act they disintegrate and dissolve into the various elements from which life had gathered and organized them. The mind of man can reach far, but here it reaches a borderland beyond which lie a multitude of unsolved mysteries,—mysteries that are not only unsolved, but that to the scientific mind appear to be unsolvable. By the dictum of modern science they are styled the unknown and unknowable. Unknown they certainly are, but to say that they are unknowable is hazarding much. In recent years the area of human knowledge has expanded fast, and the frontiers of the known are daily crowding back the dividing line between the known and the unknown. Notwithstanding this, the things we know are few compared with the immensity of the unknown, and there are but few things concerning which we can afford to be dogmatic. Hundreds of great minds have sought to explore this mysterious unknown, and have essayed the solution of the mystery of the universe and of the origin, the nature, and the destiny of humanity. A vast literature is the result; but the student who plods through this field is likely to find only perplexity instead of enlightment in the maze of materialism, idealism and realism, with their by-products of monism dualism, pluralism, etc., and as he lays down each book he is likely to exclaim, in the language of the Lord as he answered Job out of the whirlwind,—"Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" Unable to choose between these would-be guides, if he would find the Truth he must search for it himself. It seems to me, however, that there are some things we are justified in saying we know, and coupled with them are certain inferences we are justified in deducing therefrom. For instance:

We know that the great universe is, and we feel justified in inferring that it is boundless not only in space but in duration.

We know matter or substance, and force or energy, and as we never find the one without the other, we infer that they are inseparable, and on this point we can agree with Moleschoot and other proponents of materialism when they say:—"Without matter no force, without force no matter"; but we feel that they have failed to appreciate and give due weight to the following facts which we also know:—

We know that all things in the universe that are within our observation, act in accordance with law; from which we infer that the law is universal, i. e., everywhere present and everywhere controlling.

We know that in so far as we are able to observe and investigate, this great law is perfect and provides for very possible contingency,—from which we infer that it is the product of an infinite intelligence, and therefore, that the universe is pervaded and ruled by an infinite intelligence.

We know that this infinite and perfect law is conjoined with infinite power. We therefore infer that the dominant thing in the universe is a something in which is combined infinite intelligence acting with infinite power.

We know that the *visible* universe,—the universe as we are able to take cognizance of it by the aid of our physical senses, is transitory. It is made up of forms that are constantly changing. We are assured by science that even the various so-called elementary substances of which these forms are composed, are themselves impermanent and owe their forms to the manner in which certain things to which we give the name "electrons" have combined to make them, and that a different combination of the same "electrons" would have given us a substance quite different, which is sufficient to justify the inference that all substance or matter, in whatever form it presents itself, is all reducible to one simple primordial essence, or elementary substance.

We know substance in many forms. Science, in the past, has told us of a large number of so-called elements or elementary substances. Now it is telling us that these many elements or so-called elementary substances, are, after all, only varying combinations of this one elementary substance.

We know force or energy under many guises. We speak of many forces, but we have learned much and are fast learning more of the way in which one mode of force or energy may be transmuted into another, and the inference logically follows that there is but one elementary force or energy, and that like the so-called elementary substances, the many forces so-called are only differing modes in which this one elementary force manifests. Life is one of these modes of force.

We know that all organic forms are the product of certain of these modes of force acting on matter and under the control of that dominant intelligent, and law-observing power.

We feel that we know these things, for many reasons. It is true that while we have learned something of the great law, in accordance with which this all-controlling power acts, the things we have learned have only opened vistas into a vast beyond that is still shrouded in mystery. We have, however, devised instruments with which we reach out through millions upon millions of miles into space that is apparently boundless, only to find that great law governing every movement of every visible body. We have devised other instruments by which we are able to discover and observe the minute things as well as the great ones, and

we have again been confirmed in our inference that not only is nothing of the visible and tangible universe so vast, but that nothing is so small that it can escape the operation of this law, or evade the grasp of the power that is behind it.

We have devised processes by means of which we have learned somewhat of the invisible side of nature, and of the various forms or modes in which energy or force manifests, such as gravitation, light, heat, electricity, etc., and while we have not yet learned the real secret of these various manifestations of force, we have learned enough to know that the great law rules here, as elsewhere, and we find that in so far as we are able to observe, all of nature, the invisible as well as the visible, —matter in all of its protean forms and energy in all its modes of action, —all are subject to that same infinite and intelligent control. We feel justified in the inference that the action of that law is as boundless as the universe, and that it is a manifestation of an Infinite Intelligence acting with infinite wisdom and infinite power. In this infinite combination of intelligence, wisdom and power, we find, not simply the first cause, but the infinite and eternal cause of all manifestation, and we call it "God."

As we look out into space we find stars and worlds innumerable, apparently in varying stages of development, with still other suns and worlds "in the making". We learn that our own world is but a minor attendant on a minor star in a boundless galaxy of stars. The astronomer traces its development from the fire mist of a nebula, until it becomes a satellite of the sun. The geologist traces its development from a glowing heated mass, to a time when it had cooled sufficiently for life to begin its work. The geologist and the biologist, thenceforward working hand in hand, read the story as they find it inscribed on literal "tables of stone", and tell us how life on our earth, beginning with the simplest of organic forms, reached the culmination of its power in a riot of tropical vegetation, teeming with gigantic and gross animal and reptillian monsters. They tell us how the present higher forms of organic life have been developed from some of those earlier, grosser, and more primitive forms. They tell us of primitive man, and how the man of to-day not only shows advancement in his physical organism, but that he possesses intellect. The psychologist joining in the work at this point, discovers in man, in addition to the matter of which his body is composed, with the life force that has built it, other elements which seem to constitute a distinct entity, inhabiting the body, but apparently separable from it. To this apparent entity seemingly belongs in some way all of our various concepts of that which we call the spirit of man, and of the things we know as being in some way associated with or derived from it,—as soul, mind, intellect, consciousness, thought, memory, will, etc.; and while these various words are not synonyms, it may be convenient at times to use one or the other of them as embracing all that they collectively represent. If I should at times use one of these words in a sense apparently broader than its strict definition would warrant, let it be remembered that it is used for

the sake of brevity and convenience, as a symbol embracing all of the various things which we mentally connect with that apparent entity—the soul.

In this connection I venture a query and a suggestion: May not that which we call "spirit" bear to the so-called immaterial or supersensual universe, a relation similar to that which life bears to the material or the sensual? Life, while a form of energy, may be the highest or ultimate expression of energy, as we know it,—energy in the material or sensual universe, and spirit the highest or ultimate expression of a corresponding power in the immaterial or supersensual universe,—the supreme source of all power.

This other seemingly separate entity is not matter, as we know matter; it is not force or energy, as we know force or energy; nor is it both combined. On the contrary, it seems able to and does control and mold matter and control and direct force. Dare we say, however, that this entity which we call the soul may not after all be a higher form of substance, vitalized by a form of energy above and beyond any of the forms in which either substance or energy are known to us? Dare we say that when we have demonstrated the existence of the "ion" or the "electron", we have reached the genesis of substance and the ultimate expression of force? We have doubtless reached that point in so far as substance and force are known to us, but may there not be forms of substance and modes of energy to which the "electron" is coarse and gross, and may not that which we call the human soul, with its many attributes, be composed of such forms of matter, acted upon by such other modes of force? Memory, which is one of the mind's attributes, long outlives the substance of the brain that first took notice of the thing remembered. Does not this suggest that the incident was recorded on something more enduring than cerebral gray matter. While the brain is an instrument used by the mind, dare we say it is the only agency thus used? The psychologist tells us that in seven years all the atoms that compose our bodies at any given time will have disappeared, their places being taken by others; or, in other words, that our bodies are changed throughout and renewed every seven years. The octogenarian who remembers the incidents of his early childhood, is therefore using a brain more than ten times removed from the incidents remembered. Where was that record inscribed, and how has it been preserved? Surely the record was not written on that brain that disappeared more than three score and ten years ago. This separate entity seems to partake of the nature of that intelligent, infinite, and eternal cause of all manifestation, and to possess a measure of its power. We learn that it, like the body it inhabits, has undergone and is undergoing a process of evolution.

As I have said, while students of evolution claim to be able to trace the development of the physical body back to a primal germ, or to primal germs, from which all physical organisms have evolved or developed, they have there apparently reached a limit beyond which they cannot

pass. Their work begins with the germ, and perforce they are compelled for the present to be content with the knowledge that all physical organisms begin with a germ. They are aided in their investigation of physical evolution by the fossil remains preserved here and there in the various geological strata which form the crust of the earth. One who seeks to learn the mysteries of the evolution and development of the human soul, has no such aids.

The history of physical evolution deals only with organisms and organic life. It is a history of the development of forms and types of mechanism,—low and simple forms gradually changing by the stress of environment into higher and more complex forms, which involves a gradual exaltation in the germ. The evolution of the soul, however, seems to be a mere unfolding,—the development of an intelligent but inorganic entity, which leaves no fossil remains by which we can trace the various steps in its growth.

True, since man learned the art of architecture, and began to build, since he began to fashion instruments and weapons of stone, of bone, or of metal,—since he began to make pictures and carve statues, and to produce works of ornament as well as of utility,—since he learned to write and began to leave inscriptions on stone and baked clay, on parchment, papyrus, or paper, we are able to take some measure of his progress. But as the student of physical life is compelled to pause when he reaches the germ or germs with which life begins its work, so the student of psychology must pause, for a time at least, with knowledge of the fact that there seems to be an entity that is separable from the physical body, and that it is the seat of man's intelligence. As the evolution of the physical organism has been along physical lines, and has involved gradual changes and transformations of material physical forms, we find visible material and physical evidences of the various steps in such changes. But he who would demonstrate the existence and trace the evolution of the non-physical man, must find evidence of a different character. The evidence he finds in the work of man of past ages, is only an index to an unwritten scroll. They are at best only symbols and hieroglyphs in which mind must read the workings of those other minds that conceived, that planned, and that directed their making. It seems to me that the evidence shows that this invisible and non-physical man does in fact exist, and that in its development it is as obedient to the control of the great law as is the physical. The thought is, of course, not original, nor is it new. It is one of the commonplaces of the philosophy of the far East, and is not unfamiliar to Western thought. Sir Edwin Arnold, writing of "Death and Afterwards", says:—

> "It seems within the range, and not beyond the rights, of the imagination to entertain confident and happy dreams of successive states of real and conscious existence, rising by evolution through succeeding phases of endless life. Why in truth,

> should evolution proceed along the gross and palpable lines of the visible, and not also be hard at work upon the subtler elements which are behind—molding, governing, and emancipating them?"

As we have said, the biologist has an advantage over the psychologist, for this entity to which we give the name soul has left no fossil remains by which its development and its progress can be traced. We know of its existence and of its development only by the remains we find of man's handiwork through the ages past, and by the evidences handed down from age to age by tradition and by written record, whereby his growth intellectually, spiritually, morally, and socially, can be traced. Like the physical man, in one respect its origin may have been in a germ, but if so that germ must have partaken of the essence of that immortal and eternal consciousness that we know lies back of all manifestations. As all of the potentialities of the mighty oak are enfolded in the acorn,—as all the magic beauty of the flower rests in the tiny capsule of its seed,—and as all of the delicate and complex mechanism of the human body sleeps in a germinal dot, so may not all of the wondrous potentialities of the immortal soul have been enfolded in an atom of that causeless first cause, a germ of thought from the mind of Divinity, thereby partaking of the immortality of its divine source? It has always been; but, as the physical man has gradually been evolved and developed from the primal unicellular organism to the wonderfully complex organism of the man of to-day, so that primal germ of Divinity has evolved and developed into the soul of man. It will no doubt be said that in making this suggestion, I have wandered from the solid foundation of things we know and of the things we may legitimately infer, and have allowed my imagination to lead me into a field of pure fancy, and that my suggestion of a germ of thought, consciousness, or mind, is beyond the boundaries of possible knowledge, evidence, or inference. I might answer, as another has well said, that imagination is the advance guard of discovery, and that the pioneers of scientific discovery have ever been men with imagination. I should be quite willing to claim this suggestion as original if I could, but I can not.

As to evidence, however, this depends upon what we mean by evidence. It seems to me that this is another case where what we know justifies the inference. What constitutes the difference between materiality and immateriality? Where can we draw the line? What is substance or matter? I have referred to one of the latest pronouncements of Science, viz.: that matter as we know it is only an appearance created by the behavior of certain centers of energy, to which have been given the name "electrons", the difference between the so-called elementary substances being due to the different manner in which the electrons have combined to form the several atoms of the different substances. (I will frankly say here, by way of parenthesis, that in making this statement, I am accepting the dictum of Science. I can conceive intellectually what it means, but as a

fact I am compelled to take it as the great majority of us take many other things—"on trust".) The various germs which mark the initial step in the formation of different organisms, are therefore simply varying combinations of these electrons, or of the resulting atoms, plus life. They all hark back to something which to our consciousness is immaterial. If it is true that matter as we know it, from the dense substances like gold, platinum, or lead, to the non-ponderable gases, or to the ether that pervades space, consists of mere aggregations of electrons, then all of the so-called material things are in their ultimate essence, to our present consciousness, immaterial. They exist on planes that can not be reached by normal human consciousness. If science is right, they do thus exist, but the evidence of such existence is not as strong as the evidence of the existence of an infinite power by which they are controlled, and that mind is the agency through which that infinite power reveals itself and directs such control. The conduct of mankind is regulated in accordance with the evidence of our senses, and, unless we reject all of the evidence thus furnished us, mind is not only an attribute of the Infinite Intelligence that pervades the universe, but is also the agency through which man exercises control over material things. True, the materialists tell us that mind has no existence save as a function of the body, or of one of the body's organs, and that thought is a mere secretion of the brain. Cabanis, the distinguished French physician, expressed the idea in this way. He said: "The brain is determined to thought, as the stomach is to digestion, or the liver to the secretion of bile." The German, Voght, expressed the same idea in the following language: "Thought stands in the same relation to the brain, as the bile to the liver, or the urine to the kidneys." Büchner, another German, says: "Mind, like light, heat, electricity, or magnetism, is a movement of matter." Haeckel, the famous German materialistic biologist, in his book *The Riddle of the Universe,* says that neither mind nor soul have any origin, because, he says, sensation is an inherent property of all substance, and that conscious soul is a mere function of the brain. His latest pronouncement is found in a book written by him since the beginning of the Great War, and now being translated and published serially in the *Truth Seeker.* He says: "Physiology, whose province is the study of life itself, refutes the belief in immortality as positively as the comparative psychology of man and the other vertebrates. So, also, does the history of the development of the brain and its functions. The immaterial soul is nothing but a function of that organ, and the work of the material brain. Pure reason cannot admit the idea of the eternal duration of the soul."

It is worth something that these gentlemen recognize that mind has an actual existence, even if they do degrade it to a mere function of one of the bodily organs. In animal physiology, a function of an organ of the body is simply its normal mode of action, and therefore necessarily involuntary and automatic. The bodily organs all have their functions. The heart, the lungs, the stomach, the liver, and the kidneys, have each

their functions or their normal mode of action; and none of them can voluntarily refuse to act or change the manner of its acting. They act automatically. The action of the mind, therefore, according to them, is simply the normal automatic action of the brain, as digestion is the normal and automatic action of the stomach. In animal physiology, a secretion is a substance existing in the blood, which is prepared and separated therefrom by glandular activity or by the action of the epithelial cells, as milk is separated from the blood and secreted by the mammary glands. To follow their argument to its legitimate conclusion,—as all the organs of the body are built from the food we eat, and perform their functions by the power thus generated, and as all the bodily organs are produced from that same food, mind and thought really originate in the stomach, and that organ is the abiding place of the soul.

According to these learned gentlemen, therefore, immortality is but an iridescent dream. The soul, as an entity, capable of voluntary and independent action, is non-existent, and the mind a mere function of one of the organs of our body, as digestion is a function of another. Our much vaunted thinking and reasoning is only a secretion that oozes from our brain, as the tears ooze from our lachrymal glands while we weep over the dismal hopelessness and purposelessness of human existence as thus pictured by these scientists; and their erudite productions are no more than material exudations from their material brains.

The works of these materialistic writers, showing as they do that they are the result of much study, are alone sufficient to refute their conclusion. This is particularly true of the work of Ernest Haeckel. His work is not the production of a mere automaton. When we read the record he has made of his life-time studies in the field of biology, we know that it is not a record of the mere involuntary working of a bodily function. Every page evidences purpose and design; an individual and personal purpose and design that could not possibly find its origin in a mere bodily function. The existence of this purpose and this design is as obvious in that work as is the existence of purpose and design in the work of the Infinite Intelligence that is over all. The immediate and impelling power by which the various bodily functions perform their several offices, is life,—that force which builds the body. But life only follows the plan it finds in the germ with which its work begins. It never changes that plan, or makes the mistake of developing the human germ into some other type of animal. Every function of the body is potentially present in the germinal dot from which the body grows. The various secretions of the different bodily organs are also automatically produced and their normal character is potentially determined when life begins its work with that germinal dot. The liver cannot secrete tears, nor can the lachrymal glands secrete bile. Whatever there is of purpose or of design that determines the character of these secretions, must be sought in the work of that Infinite Intelligence which lies back of the germinal dot. If thought is nothing but a secretion of the brain, we can

no more originate and direct that secretion than we can originate and direct the secretions of other organs;—there can be no such thing as an intention of thought, and our so-called reasoning is a mere involuntary discharge of an involuntary secretion, as free from inherent intention, or from voluntary and independent purpose, as is the urine or the bile.

With all due respect for the learning and sincerity of these materialistic biologists, I feel that in Bunyan's *Man with the Muckrake,* we find their counterpart. Says Bunyan:—

> "The Interpreter takes them apart again, and has them into a room where was a man that could look no way but downwards, with a muckrake in his hands. There stood also one over his head, with a Celestial Crown in his hand, and proffered him that crown for his muckrake; but the man neither did look up nor regard, but rakes to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor."

They find the beginning of all organic life in a germ or germs that in some way appeared in primordial slime. They find that these germs have developed throughout countless ages into a myriad forms of life, and among these forms they find the physical man of to-day. They may be right as to this, for physical man is still "of the earth earthy," and can hardly deny kinship with the slime. Keeping their eyes on that slime of the distant past, and on the life force that stirred its depths when that germ appeared, they seek only in the dust of the ages and in that life force for the origin of all the qualities they find in the man of to-day. They might as well attribute the secret of Canova's genius to the marble of Carrara, or the inspiration of Michael Angelo or Raphael to the pigments they used. If they will but lift their eyes from the dust, and study the harmonious rule of that power which governs the universe, they will find the source of the crowning glory of humanity. "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." As the mysterious thing we call "magnetism" may enter into the apparently inert needle of steel and give to it a new quality or power, and as magnetism's mysterious relative, electricity, when it is sent coursing through a wire, imparts to the filament in the bulb the power to emit light, so man, at some point in the course of his development, has had imparted to him a power beyond anything that can originate in the form of force we know as life. Life acts automatically, but this new power enables man to originate action; to think, to reason, to decide, and to do. To this new power or quality belong all the things we conceive of as attributes of soul. Common sense is a most excellent possession, and common sense would dictate that in searching for the origin of mind we should look where we know mind to be. One would not search for tropical flowers

at the north pole, nor for icebergs at the equator. We know that mind exists independently of our bodies. We know that Infinite Intelligence rules the universe, and common sense would suggest that we look toward that Infinite Soul of the universe as the source whence the soul of man has come.

It is not my purpose to try to explain in this paper how the soul became associated with the physical body. I have sought to limit myself to things which we all know, to inferences which I believe we are justified in drawing therefrom, and to demonstrate by legitimate argument, if possible, the fact that the soul is a definite entity, and that mind, instead of being a mere function of the body, is its superior and its controller, and therefore that I am right when I speak of *my body*. I am an immortal soul. My mind is not a mere function of my brain, but is that through which my soul makes itself known. My brain is its servant, the instrument through which it speaks and through which it transmits thought. It is in obedience to the command of that *I*, that my hand now writes these words.

R. M. McBride.

Every duty, even the least duty, involves the whole principle of obedience, and little duties make the will dutiful, that is, supple and prompt to obey. Little obediences lead into great. The daily round of duty is full of probation and of discipline; it trains the will, heart and conscience. We need not to be prophets or apostles. The commonest life may be full of perfection. The duties of home are a discipline for the ministries of heaven.

H. G. Manning.

COUNT SAINT-MARTIN

*"The only initiation which I preach and seek with all the ardor of my soul is that by which we may enter into the heart of God, and make God's heart enter into us, there to form an indissoluble marriage, which will make us the friend, brother and spouse of our Divine Redeemer ('the violent take it by force.' Matt. xi. 12.) There is no other mystery, to arrive at this holy initiation, than to go more and more into the depths of our being, and not let go till we can bring forth the living, vivifying root, because then all the fruit we ought to bear, according to our kind, will be produced within us and without us naturally; as we see is the case with earthly trees, because they are adherent to their own roots, and incessantly draw in their sap."**

IN the midst of the atheism and materialism of the revolutionary and pre-revolutionary period in France, among men who declared that there is no God, whose pride of learning had blinded their eyes and deadened their hearts, Count Saint-Martin spent his life in the endeavor to waken in his fellow-men the memory of their "imperishable being, all shining with eternal splendor." Through all his books, a dozen or so in number, his endeavor is the same, to bring to man a realization of his fallen and degraded condition and to recall him to his allegiance to "the First and the Prince of the Warriors of the Spirit." But not to the pen alone was his effort confined; he realized fully the power that lies in living the life. "Do not forget," he writes, "that, in the state of aberration in which Man is, you have a duty to perform for your fellow-men, more urgent than writing books; that is, so to live and do, as, by your efforts and desires, they may get ears to hear them. This is what is most needed by mankind." And his books were written and his life was lived in a spirit of consecration to the Masters' work.

Born of a noble family in Amboise in 1743, he was educated for the magistracy but remained in that profession only a short time, preferring instead a military career, since it would afford him, in time of peace, more leisure for study and meditation. As an officer in the army he was stationed in 1765 in Bordeaux and there met Martinez de Pasqualis, a Portuguese of oriental, presumably Hebrew, origin. The latter lived a life secluded and withdrawn; none of his teachings was made public, and little is known of him except that he was a Gnostic Christian, and the chief of a sect, the Martinezistes (often called Martinists), into

* Correspondence between Count Louis Claude de Saint-Martin and Kirchberger, Baron de Liebestorf.

which Saint-Martin was introduced with many rites of initiation and "theurgic operations."

This was an age of especial activity in regard to spiritualistic, magnetic and so-called somnambulic phenomena. The Martinezistes, soon greatly increased in numbers and making their headquarters at Copenhagen, experienced wonders so singular and of so great a variety as to rouse wide-spread interest and comment. It was the same age that saw the demonstration of Mesmer's theories and the strange careers of the mysterious Count Saint Germain and Cagliostro. Spirit communications and prodigies of all sorts were so frequent as to become almost common occurrences. And in connection with this wave of spiritualism, it is worthy of note that it preceded by just a century, the similar wave, this time in America, that again prepared the soil in which the Theosophic seed was sown.

Saint-Martin, who had always been of a mystical turn of mind, found the spiritualistic operations of the school distasteful, and in a conversation with Martinez, is quoted as saying, "But, Master, is all this necessary, to gain a knowledge of God?" It was through this agency, nevertheless, that he found the spiritual path, for the spiritualism received here became for him, not a mere science of spirits, but a science of God. In later years he expressed the belief that his teacher, Martinez, possessed the key to the higher truths, had his pupils been able to receive them. As for the spiritualistic communications, he writes (also at a later date) that he too had his share and that there was every indication of the presence in them of the "Repairer" or "active Cause." "But," he adds, "unless things come from the centre itself, I do not give them my confidence. I can assure you I have received from the inward way, truths and joys a thousand times higher than those I have received from without." Elsewhere, he occasionally mentions some statement which the "agent" has made to him, or special preservation that has been accorded him (this during the revolution). But never is there more than a hint in passing. His tendency is always to discourage in his followers their interest in marvels of a lower order and to turn their minds to higher things.

It is interesting to note in passing that Martinez's school after his death, was reopened in Paris, in 1784, under the name of the Philaléthes and it was of the Philaléthes that Cagliostro agreed to take charge, later refusing because they would neither adopt the Constitutions of the Egyptian Rite, nor consign their archives to the flames. There is no indication, however, that Cagliostro and Saint-Martin ever came together. The latter refused to enter the new lodge, for he regarded its members, according to his friend and biographer, M. Gence, as "seeking less the truth than the secret of the *philosophical work;*" speaking and acting "only as freemasons and not as real initiates, that is, as united to their Principle."

In 1771, Saint-Martin retired from the army, feeling called to what he termed the Great Work, and devoted himself to meditation, to writing

and to the study of man, "the only book written by God's own hand." Shortly after this, Boulanger advanced his view that religion is the result of fright occasioned in mankind by the catastrophes of nature. And to combat the work of the Encyclopedists, Saint-Martin began in 1775, his first book, *Des erreurs et de la verité,* asserting that, inherent in the nature of man, is the knowledge of an active, intelligent cause. All his books dealt with subjects closely allied to this, with the exception of one entitled *Ecce Homo.* This little volume was written with a special view to the needs of his friend the Duchess of Bourbon, towards whom he acted more or less as spiritual director; and purposed to turn her and others like her away from their undue interest in spiritualistic marvels.

His doctrine is a difficult one to summarize adequately; it is not a simple theocracy, nor is it a simple mysticism, but a genuine theosophy on the government of things divine and human. He is deeply mystical with a mysticism of a quality new to that day. On this point M. Gence writes: "The mystics of the middle ages and those of Fénèlon's school, by uniting themselves by recollection or contemplation to their Principle, according to the doctrine of their master, Rusbrochius, were absorbed in God through affection. Here (meaning in Saint-Martin's teachings) the entrance is higher; it is not the faculty of affection only, it is the Divine intellectual faculty itself, which knows in itself its Principle, and through him the pattern of that Nature which Malebranche saw, not actively in himself, but speculatively in God; and of which Saint-Martin discovers the type in his interior being, by an active and spiritual operation which is the germ of all knowledge." As Saint-Martin himself expressed it, he taught the new birth by the Gospel way, as contrasted with the well-known contemplative way.

He wrote under the name *"un philosophe inconnue,"* and an unknown philosopher he remained to the end of his life, so far as the mass of mankind was concerned. In a surprisingly brief time, however, he had a considerable following, but drawn, unlike those of Martinez, almost entirely from the aristocracy. To such a degree was this the case, as to cause one biographer, in alluding to his various sojourns in London, Rome and several of the cities of his own land, to remark that at first sight he would appear to have gone only to visit the most notable families. For the good of the Great Work he made it a point to seek out some of the most renowned thinkers of the day. Among these was Lalande, the astronomer, whose work appealed to him especially because of his interest in the science of numbers. But the theories of neither man were acceptable to the other and their acquaintance was brief. A meeting which he had arranged with Voltaire was prevented by the death of the latter; and Saint-Martin wrote: "It is impossible not to admire this extraordinary man, who is a monument of *l'esprit humain*—Voltaire was neither atheist nor materialist. He had too much understanding (*esprit*) for that; but he had not enough of genius or of light to believe in anything more."

Among his personal friends were men and women of widely varied types, representing the keenest, most brilliant and most scholarly minds of the day. Indeed, his position was a singular one; he possessed, it is true a pleasing appearance, great charm of manner and an air of distinction, yet withal he was but a young army officer, a member of the lesser nobility, possessed of a very modest fortune and no great learning or renown. To find him so widely sought after and playing so considerable a role in so large a number of the greatest houses of France is remarkable in itself; and it becomes all the more so in view of the fact that he was in every sense of the word, in the world but not of it. "I am so afraid," he writes, "of moving without my guide, and so much would I wish never to separate myself from my source and ground, in thought, word, or act. In short I would have no will of my own and I feel how far I still am from this. Nevertheless, that is my aim." His was a simplicity of soul, a serenity and detachment, far removed from the spirit of the people among whom he lived. He loved mankind, but in his friendships and in his social life he saw a reminder of that perfect understanding and intimacy which all might enjoy in perfect unity with their divine Principle.

Matter, in his *Saint-Martin,* claims that the philosopher, sought after though he was, received even among his friends and followers little genuine support. They were eager for his teachings, they listened to them, but not with the desire to make them their own—rather as a sort of curiosity. And Matter explains this attitude as entirely characteristic of that generation, "sceptical, incredulous, materialistic, sensual above all. In this charming century they gathered about the light, but all wished it to be sweet and agreeable. They rejected it if it were austere in form or difficult to understand. They fled above all if it were presented in shadowy or mystical form."

The years 1788-1791 were, without doubt, for Saint-Martin the most important years of his life. During this time he stayed in Strasbourg and through his friend Madame de Boecklin, became initiated into the mysticism of Jacob Boehme; whom he regarded as the greatest human light that ever shone. To give an account of his doctrine after this period would be to give an account of the teachings of Boehme, for these teachings became his very life, filling out and completing for him all the work of his earlier years and opening up untold stores of spiritual wisdom. After devoting himself completely to this study, he declared that all his own writings hitherto had been mere child's play, and began his greatest book *Le Ministère de l'Homme-Esprit.*

In it he teaches the doctrine of the principles in man and also of the indwelling presence of God in man as a potentiality. Man and not the universe is the witness of Divinity, the means of demonstrating the Divine Essence. But man as he now is, imprisoned in matter, is a degraded being clothed in garments of shame. His first fall came about through weakness, the weakness of allowing himself to be "struck, attracted and penetrated by the spirit of the world, whereas he was of a higher order,

and a region above this world." He must regain that first state, be made over again in the image of God and know by the light of his own inner being, Divinity in its living glory. "Now, we have the prerogative of forming, after the similitude of the All-Wise, an indissoluble, eternal alliance between our minds (*esprits*) and our sacred hearts, by uniting them in the principle which formed them; and it is only on this indispensable condition that we can hope to become again the images of God."

There are seven forms of Nature, according to his teaching, even to the eternal root of all. Through man's fall, the universe, originally in harmony through all its seven parts, suffered from the entrance of foreign elements and substances. And the universe is now groaning on a bed of pain; nay more, it is dying, is in its grave. And man, the Spirit-man to whom the book is addressed, has been commissioned by God to be the rectifier; he must help nature to enjoy her rest, *i. e.*, to develop her seven powers naturally. This is to be done not by man as he now is, however, but by man denuded of self, with his own seven powers naturally developed.

"O man! stop in the middle of this abyss in which you are, if you will not plunge still deeper in. Your work was quite simple when it came out of your First Principle's hands; it has become threefold, through your imprudence and the abominations you have committed: you have now, first, to regenerate yourself; secondly to regenerate the universe; then thirdly, to rise to be a steward of the eternal riches, and to admire the living wonders of Divinity."

Somewhat the same thought, given in paradoxical form, is found later on: "Man takes different characters at each step of this sublime undertaking. At first, he may be regarded as Nature's master, and he ought to be so, in fact, for her to derive any comfort from him. At the second he is simply the brother of his fellow creatures, and, rather as a friend than as a master, he devotes himself to their relief. Lastly, at the third, he is nothing more than a servant, a mercenary to the Word, to which he ought to bring relief; and it is only when he enters the lowest rank that he becomes specially the Lord's workman."

Elsewhere, also he speaks of "*sublime workmen* or mighty servitors," among whom he is far from being able to reckon himself.

This regeneration, first of man and then of the universe, is the Great Work, toward which he bent every effort of his life and to the pursuance of which his books were meant to draw his fellow-men. But this regeneration could be brought about only by a new birth, not at the resurrection as Saint-Martin interprets St. Paul's teaching to mean, but here and now in accordance with the teaching of Christ.

This new birth must be threefold, a new soul, a new spirit, a new body, and the transmutation becomes possible only "in pains of bitter anguish, and a sense of profound and complete desolation."

"We must feel the spirit making furrows in us, from head to foot, as with a mighty ploughshare, tearing up the trunks of old trees with

their roots interlaced in our earth, and all foreign substances which impede our growth and fertility. Everything that has entered us by charm and seduction, must go out of us by rending and pain."

In the correspondence with Baron de Liebestorf, the latter submits for Saint-Martin's approval the following—his summary of that part of Saint-Martin's teaching:

"I look upon the divine part of ourselves as the vehicle, the birthplace of the Repairer, who ought to be engendered in us. The Word, once engendered in us, is, I believe the means by which we have communication with the Father, and I believe that, by the flux and reflux of communion between the Word and the Father, the procreation of the Holy Spirit takes place in us, which, then, leads us into all truth. Thus everything depends on the one thing needful, the birth of the Word within us."

Many passages in the book, giving admonition and encouragement to the seeker after light, remind one in spirit, and frequently in expression as well, of parallel passages in *Light on the Path,* or the *Voice of the Silence.*

"Try even to feel that perhaps the only science worth studying is to be without sin; for possibly if man were in that state he would manifest all lights and sciences."

"Even the obstacles and dangers we meet with in our work, and which become our crosses when we recede from them, are steps and means of rising, when we surmount them. Wisdom in exposing us to them meant that we should triumph."

"Listen very attentively to this word sorrow, when it speaks within you; listen to it as the first helping voice that can make itself heard in the wilderness; gather carefully this precious specific, as the only balm that can cure the nations."

"It is not an earthly but a spiritual change of place that can serve us. And, without stirring from our material place, we ought to reflect incessantly, painfully, on the cold, dark spiritual place we are in, that we may go and make our dwelling in one that is warmer, lighter, happier."

And the life which would result from such an effort, the aim for which Saint-Martin himself worked with never failing zeal, is best expressed, again in his own words:

"Not a desire, but in obedience;
Not an idea, which is not a sacred communication;
Not a word, which is not a sovereign decree;
Not an act which is not a development and extension of the vivifying rule of the Word," or to put it in more homely phraseology, it is simply "reducing ourselves to the condition of a cannon waiting for the match to be applied."

This book was published in 1802, but long before its completion, the French Revolution had begun, through all of which stormy period Saint-Martin maintained the same detachment which he had previously

shown. Holding himself aloof from party opinions and considerations of birth, he not only did not emigrate, but remained in Paris until forced to leave by the decree of the 27 Germinal, expelling the nobles.

He then withdrew to a retired country district where he lived in considerably straightened circumstances. And here, far from being unduly disturbed by the storm and stress of the time, his mind was still occupied with the Great Work. In his Theosophic Correspondence with Kirchberger, written at this time, he refers to himself as the Robinson Crusoe of spirituality, and adds, "When will it please Providence that I may find people to whom I may communicate these treasures! His will be done." And again, "Be thankful therefore to Providence that you are in a free country, in a quiet position and surrounded with men of desire. I know, by want of these advantages how precious they are." And, showing that he found work to do wherever he went, he writes humorously of certain "little chickens which come, from time to time, for their crumb —fresh souls" whom he aided in his capacity of theosopher and religious philosopher.

But that he may not be thought a dreamer or neglectful of his duty, be it said that he contributed as one of the citizens to the expenses of his commune; he served in the Garde Nationale, being on duty in the Temple during the imprisonment of the young Dauphin, and immediately after was appointed to catalogue the books in the suppressed religious houses. Furthermore, in 1794, notwithstanding the interdict against the nobility, he was chosen by the district of Amboise as its representative in Paris, in the Normal Schools instituted to train masters for public instruction. This post he accepted because of the possibilities which it offered for the Great Work. He hoped that, with the aid of interior guidance, he might combat successfully the anti-social and materialistic philosophy of the day. And his hopes were justified in a disputation with one of the learned men of the day, from which he returned with the conviction that his effort had not been made in vain.

Although he regarded with horror the anarchy and despotism by which he was surrounded, he nevertheless believed that the Revolution itself served a definite purpose and would bring good in its train. His view on this point is of special interest in the light of present day events. "Do not believe," he writes, "that our French Revolution is an indifferent thing upon the earth; I look upon it as the revolution of human nature —France has been visited the first, and that very severely, because she has been very guilty. Those countries which are no better than she, will not be spared, when the time of their visitation arrives. I believe, now, more than ever, that Babel will be pursued and overthrown progressively throughout the globe; which will not prevent her again throwing out new shoots, which will be uprooted at the last judgment; for, at the present epoch, it will not be visited to its centre, because, fortunately for us, its centre is still hidden; and woe to those who will be present when this centre pours out its infection!"

Much of the time during these later years of his life Saint-Martin spent in caring for his sick and aged father in Amboise. Here he devoted himself to the translation of the works of Boehme, for his eyesight was rapidly failing and he explained that during his old age he wished to have these much-loved books read to him in his own tongue. But the need for such a thing was never to come. For some time before his death, he felt convinced that he had not long to live, and in 1803 he died at Aunay near Paris, still *un philosophe inconnu,* for at his death he was so little known as to be confused, in the public announcements, with his early master, Martinez, who had died nearly a quarter of a century before.

JULIA CHICKERING.

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts. Dye it then with a continuous series of such thoughts as these: for instance, that where a man can live, there he can also live well. But we must live in a palace; well, then, he can also live well in a palace. MARCUS ANTONIUN.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

TOWERING above and dwarfing all other things which the Screen reflects at the present time, stands the long battle line, east and west, north and south, where the heart of the world is centred. There can be nothing more inspiring, more instructive, or more moving.

Yet what, in truth, is taking place there? We get such different reports. Some see nothing but horrors. Others see mere brute forces, hurling themselves this way and that. Others tell us of heroism, magnificent, sublime.

There are those, however, who find these unspeakable horrors, these most brutal of brute forces, and who see this most splendid heroism; but also, with these things and transcending them, as the Resurrection is seen in the Crucifix, they find Eternal Life.

It is inevitable. We find what we bring. We see, always and everywhere, that which in fact we are.

The Crucifixion does not perfectly illustrate this law, except in retrospect, because no one who stood there and watched it could see the joy, for the sorrow; the light, for the darkness; victory, because of what seemed such terrible defeat. Easter opened their eyes, as it ought to have opened ours, as it ought to have opened the eyes of those who watch this war,—as it has opened the eyes of some. And yet, even among those who stood there, gazing at that Cross of life, what a difference! There were those who enjoyed the suffering—brutes who jeered. Some were hardly conscious of it: they were indifferent, immersed in self. Others saw pain and horror: perhaps they sympathized; perhaps, when humanitarian, they vowed that so far as in them lay, crucifixion as a practice should cease. Others—so few—wept their hearts out in agony of love and pity. But did they see beyond? Did they see Discipleship? Did they see an undying victory of soul? Did they, through that veil of death and anguish, see the redemption of mankind—even of the butchers who did it, of the fiends who ordered it—the betrayed, saving the betrayer—the victim, by his heroism, atoning for those who tortured him?

They could not have seen that, we believe, until later, when the Victor gave them his peace.

But we, today, who have studied that drama of the soul; who have sought the secret of that Great Soul's elixir,—we have no excuse for blindness; we ought to understand.

Yet,—we find what we bring with us; we see that which we are.

Here, for instance, is an American boy, William J. Robinson, who

enlisted in England at the outbreak of the war, and who writes very entertainingly of his experiences (*My Fourteen Months at the Front*).

"If those persons," he says, "who speak of the glories of war could really see it in all its dirtiness and nastiness and utter misery, they would perhaps speak less glibly about the good it does a nation to go to war."

Robinson, as he says, had decided that he "might do lots of worse things than to see a little of the biggest scrap the world has ever known." So he enlisted, and, while at it, behaved bravely and in all ways well. But, acting from such a motive, how could he possibly have seen any more than he did see? True, he saw more than "nastiness"; he saw heroism and he says so. But he brought that with him, at least to some degree. He was not blind to that. Beyond that, however, he saw nothing. He was not giving his life for a Cause loved more than life.

Then there is Philip Gibbs, in a despatch to the New York *Times* of July 18, 1916, dated from the British front on the Somme, who concludes by saying:

"If any man were to draw a picture of these things or tell them more nakedly than I have told them, because now is not the time nor the place, no man or woman would dare speak again of war's 'glory' or of the 'splendor of war,' or any of those old lying phrases which hide the dreadful truth."

They see what they see. But the husk is not the grain; it is the husk.

Of course ideals differ, as well as vision of facts. Mr. Cyril Brown, presumably an American, and in any case Staff Correspondent of the New York *Times,* telegraphing on July 25th from "Great Headquarters of General von Linsingen's Armies in Volhynia," and praising everything he sees, particularly the General in command, is so far dominated by his environment that he flatters in terms which would make officers of any other army feel at least uneasy. Yet it is what those officers like to think of themselves as being:—ruthless!

Doubly and trebly censored by German staff officers, this American correspondent describes his meeting with von Linsingen in the midst of a "family blowout." The General was dining with his staff. All of them were singing. The General, being the hero of the occasion, is made to out-sing the others (it was of course "Deutschland über alles") "with a loud, deep roar." And then: "again and again the sound of the Jaeger cheer and huntsman's cry—a triple 'horiddo' which *the whole pack* gave with a lusty will," supposed to strike terror broadcast. Then this description of the General's staff officers (one can see the staff censors swelling as they read): "I felt almost sorry for Brusiloff and his Cossacks as I studied this Linsingen brood of lean, keen-eyed, determined-jawed, saturnine, ruthless fighters, flushed as with victory"!

But the question of ideals is another matter. We are concerned, for the moment, with the vision of what is. There were those, doubtless,

who found in the Jewish hangmen a more noble figure than in Christ. For they, too, were ruthless; it is possible they were saturnine; they may even have been "flushed as with victory."

Where, then, shall we turn for better, truer vision?

As against the view which sees only the horrors of the Crucifixion and nothing of the Resurrection which those horrors contain and bring to birth, there is another view, set forth by many participants in this great war, all of whom—these men who see—have the spirit and something of the knowledge of disciples. For the most part they are priests, whose profession requires them to lay down their lives in advance. To the extent that they have done so—their lives, their comfort, their personal desires—to that extent they have constituted themselves disciples. Then, called upon to fight for God and their country (they have reason to believe that the cause of one is the cause of the other), they carry with them, into this outer warfare, the same devotion, the same nobility of self-surrender, the same rejoicing when their Master calls for what they have given, and the same ability to see the things of eternity overshadowing the things of time. We have a right to expect a truer vision from them, and we find it. Yet, because they do see more truly, we shall find no mitigation of the horrors—realism could hardly be carried further; we shall find no effort to "deny" the pain. There is light permeating the darkness, and they see it because they have it. The soul is mightier than iron, and they see that because they have lived it, have proved it, and are willing at any moment to prove it finally by dying that they may live.

In addition to the books mentioned in the last "Screen of Time," there is one which is at least as remarkable as they are. It is entitled *Impressions de Guerre de Prêtres Soldats,* collected by Léonce de Grandmaison, published by Plon-Nourrit et Cie, Paris. It contains the letters and diaries of a number of priests, some of them still living, others now dead. These letters were not written for publication. They were addressed to friends, and often to the Bishops or religious superiors of those who wrote them.

Here is the Chaplain of the N^{e} Division, the Abbé Benoît E..., who speaks of the number of conversions among men at the front.

"It is not simply the prospect of death which brings about these conversions at the front. It is much more often the steady performance of duty. He who forgets himself for his brethren and for the service of his country, is very close to the Kingdom of God. It is not so much fear as the habit of right living which makes our soldiers better Christians at the front."

What an example their officers set them! This same Chaplain gives many instances. He tells of the fighting on the 9th of May. "The N^{e} was not, it seems, adequately supported. The losses are considerable. The colonel, Commandant H..., a splendid Christian, with whom lived the Chaplain of the regiment,—is dead. He was sublime,

they say. When his battalion gave ground, he turned over his command to a captain, and alone went back, facing the enemy, wishing, doubtless, to give his men an ineffaceable lesson in heroism. So he went forward, confronting inevitable death. And he was riddled."

Another detachment came to the rescue. It happened to contain two deacons, a number of seminarists, and several members of a religious association for young men, a majority of whom fell, facing the enemy. And what was the cry of those who returned? Was it of horror, of grief? No. *"Ah, que c'était beau! que c'était beau, Monsieur l'Aumônier! Jamais on ne verra rien de si beau!"* (Ah, how beautiful it was, how beautiful it was, Sir Chaplain! Never will anything so beautiful be seen!). And the Chaplain adds: "What enthusiasm! One would say that for them, the survivors, the others are not dead at all!"

And here is the Abbé Léonce Marraud, of the diocese of Paris, "killed facing the enemy" in September, 1914, writing as a sub-lieutenant of infantry.

"I love this life. It seems to me that for the first time I am in the full sense a man. I love passionately the duty which Providence has given me, in spite of all the pain, all the anguish which it has brought me: perhaps in fact because of them. There was that terrible retreat . . . There was above all the suffering of my men who endured unutterable misery (to understand it one must have passed through it). Then there are those who have fallen . . . And I cannot say how much I loved them. They were my friends, whom I saw fall, and with the anguish of asking myself whether it were not due to some fault of mine. Oh! that wringing of one's heart before a battle, when one sees all those eyes turned on you with a mixture of anxiety and affection, seeming to say: 'It is our lives that we intrust to you'; and when one knows that one is going to send not a few of them to death and that one must nevertheless inspire them and give them courage. Nor could anyone understand, unless he had experienced it, the depth of the bond of affection between a commander and his soldiers, particularly in the infantry, after a month when there has been fighting every day, and companionship in the same intense emotions. . . . There is a serious note to it, without sadness, full of a courageous resignation which is really very splendid. And it would be impossible to imagine the fineness that one meets with, in such circumstances, in men of most commonplace aspect, wishing to express to you their silent devotion. I would not give this brief, crowded period for all the rest of my life. . . .

"And even in a material sense this life is full of beauty. The organism reacts with an extraordinary intensity. The joy of the body benumbed by night as it recovers life and heat; of the harassed body as it relaxes; and the joy of some effort carried out to the very end, is very great. And what marvellous surroundings, tragic and picturesque

by turns! I am in wonderful autumnal woods, which border a peaceful valley, the gentle lines of which contrast sharply with the atmosphere of devastation in which we live. I sleep tonight in a charming old house. It has been pillaged and is abandoned. I am alone in it, and move around as if it were my own. It is exquisite and infinitely touching in its distress. Tomorrow I shall go and sleep in the woods. At other times I have passed the night in the street of a village in flames, where shells were falling. More often than not, on the horizon, villages blaze. Combine with that the wounded, the blood, the dead horses, the heavy ammunition wagons, as one heroic theme after another. Ah no! I would not give this life, in spite of its heartrending sorrows, for all the years I have lived.

"And then it has been such a joy for me to see, in this constant presence of death, souls uplifted, drawing closer to God; to feel, and to feel with such intensity, that most of those who have fallen there, were in a state of blessedness, lifted to the highest moral level they could attain, united, by their humble self-abandonment, to the divine sacrifice,—I would willingly endure the worst kind of life to feel that always."

Then there is the diary or report of Père André de Guilhard-Bancel, sub-lieutenant of infantry,—evidently addressed to his religious superior. He writes from the front trenches:

"This morning, at about three o'clock, I came back to my shelter. The sentinels have been posted; all orders given. Before resting . . . while bullets whiz and shells burst around me, I recite slowly and with love the words of my pledge (vows). The weather was overcast, no stars in the sky; and yet what a festival (*fête*) in my heart."

Later: "I am happy, being—

Tout seul avec, Jésus, Jésus seul avec moi
Dans le secret du cœur et la paix du silence."

[What food for meditation in those words! Who is the Master on whose Ray you shine? Then, not only are you alone with him, but he, whether you know it or not, whether you grant him one thought or not,—he, mystically though in truth, is utterly alone with you!]

He was killed on December 12, 1914. On December 6th he wrote:

"One word of *adieu* or of *au-revoir,* I do not know which. One of these days perhaps I shall give a 'kick' with my section, and what will become of its commander? God alone knows. I am neither anxious nor troubled: quite the contrary. But this morning, at the holy communion, I prepared for the *grand passage.* Do you know the joy which fills my soul when I think of it? Only one feeling, and a deep one too, contends with joy in these moments blessed by God;

and that is the feeling of my unworthiness. But confidence quickly gets the mastery over everything, and I believe that *there* lies my duty and the truth. Confidence, confidence always."

The Abbé Joseph G..., sub-lieutenant of infantry, writes from the front trenches:

"The apostleship of joy, of gaiety,—here, that is the apostleship which takes first place. A priest at the front is inevitably a reservoir of joy, of good cheer. Always ready to give his life, which he surrendered to God once for all on the day of his sub-diaconate, the priest can live in perfect serenity in the midst of war. We, priests, cannot be afraid of death, and our serenity is contagious."

And this is how the same priest, on May 8, 1915, speaks of an approaching battle:

"Before the great days when probably we shall die, I want to thank you for all the good you have done me. The great days draw near in fact, and I feel in my heart the same joy and the same peace as on the eve of my ordinations. . . . To die young, to die a priest, as a soldier, during an attack, marching forward, while performing the priestly function, perhaps while granting absolution . . . to give one's life for the Church, for France, for all those who carry in their hearts the same ideal as I do, who are quickened by the same faith . . . and for the others too that their eyes may at last be opened to the light and that they may know the joy of believing: Ah! truly Jesus spoils me! How glorious it is! (*Que c'est beau!*) . . . If I fall, above all do not weep for me: it would be so wrong. Envy me, rather, and pray, pray much for me. I shall go with but one regret, that of having done so little good; of having given so little after having received so much. Yes, I have lived as a spoiled child of the dear Lord . . . So, *au revoir* whether on earth or in heaven . . . You will perhaps find this letter sad, you who read it at the rear. I who write it while facing the *Boches,* find it very cheerful."

The next is just a touch, but it speaks. It is the close of a letter from a lieutenant, a priest, who has been describing a charge to the north of Arras.

"I am still amazed not to have been left back there, and I am almost ashamed to have been neither killed nor wounded! Really *le bon Dieu* cannot wish to have me, and it's very humiliating. At least pray for me that soon, if God permit, I also may give my life for France on some fine day of perfect victory."

Then there is the following:

"Ypres! One should pray in that town as in a temple," writes the Abbé Philippe P... "It is a reliquary, a relic. With equal respect and as on the same footing, one passes from the ruins of a house to

the ruins of a church, from the ruins of a church to the ruins of the Halls. All is sacred.

"Literally, not a house that has not been struck, torn open, shot to pieces, ripped up, without doors, without windows, without a roof. The remnants of walls; piles of stones; here a broken pillar, there a portico; everywhere the stigmata of shells.

"They destroyed for the sake of destroying. There is no excuse for such devastation. The churches, the Halls, the booths, the small houses of the small shop-keepers,—why have vented their rage against all that? There was no possible strategic reason. Why such fury against a Belgian city, the city of a people involved in the war in spite of themselves, of whom—so it was pretended—only a right of way was asked, and against whom the only possible reproach is that they were loyal to the point of sacrifice? It was rage, it was hate, it was insanity. It was devilish.

"A thousand times the name of Pompeii has been mentioned in connection with Ypres. It springs automatically to the lips. But at Pompeii far more things have been respected. They have found charming statuettes unharmed. You would not find them at Ypres. And then, at Pompeii, it was a force of nature; it was a volcano; it was the earth in some sort of childbirth; and on the horizon it created a beauty which Pliny could contemplate . . . At Ypres, it was the work of man against man, human brutality against justice and against beauty; heavy shells of Teuton metal, each shell seeking a house, guided by human will, the work of science in revolt against humanity and against art. No excuse for it. Nothing but horror. There is but one word that explains it all:—sin. That word haunts me like an obsession. And knowing that God alone has the power to pardon, the act of contrition rises from my heart to my lips with a sob. . . .

"They still shell it occasionally,—a few every day, almost nothing. But since their domination is based on ruins, they need, of course, to affirm it. . . .

"Someone near me asks: 'What will be done with these ruins after the war?' And I answer mechanically,—'A museum. And there will be placed at the entrance: Kultur.' It is the invariable thought in the presence of such devastation.

"If in me there were some irony, it did not last so much as a second. It was frozen by my visit to the churches. Tears were in my eyes. It was as if a hand of iron were gripping my heart. I could hardly breathe. I could feel my own pallor. I was made physically ill. I was ill in my very soul. I wished I had not gone in; that I had not seen it. The most terrible verses of Scripture are there, confronting one. . . .

". . . Those devastated churches! Man has hurled himself against the place where God had given him *rendez-vous*. That of which he has need is there, and he breaks it between his hands. It is the

crime of crimes. To look into the depths of that thought makes me dizzy.

"I wish that all those who revolt against God and who blaspheme him because of this war, were here. They would not dare to continue accusing God when seeing him the foremost victim. They would feel too strongly that the war is the work of the spirit of evil against all that is of God. If there be heroism and beauty, it is because there are defenders of the divine, it is because the divine powers in man are drawn up in the struggle, it is because of God's own divine power to bring good out of evil. Just as, a few minutes ago, the flowers which I saw among the ruins seemed to me a continuing triumph of life in the midst of death, so these many heroic sacrifices are the affirmation of beauty among the horrors spread broadcast by the spirit of evil. The spirit of evil! One knows here that he is no abstraction; he is a living being, who works with method.

"God is therefore the first victim. His house is exposed to the same ruin which threatens our own. He enters into all our sufferings. And that is why we can come to him to ask for consolation for the griefs he knows so well. And we must also enter with pity into the sufferings of his divine heart. Not one among us can have measured, as he has, the depth of sorrow into which the world is plunged; not one can have suffered as much, and not one of us longs for the end as he does. As he suffers and allows such suffering, it is doubtless because everyone is not yet open to his compassion."

The Abbé Ruffier, a Captain of infantry, was asked for by a wounded soldier, who had learned, the Abbé writes, how to consecrate his sufferings. "The utility of suffering," he adds, "is a truth full of consolation, but it is very difficult to bring it home to those whose faith is feeble or a void. It is a truth which would do much to develop military virtues if one could spread it abroad."

Constant thought for the spiritual welfare of his men, did not interfere with the performance of the Abbé Ruffier's military duties. Twenty-six years of age, he had already received the *croix de guerre* and the Legion of Honour, and had been mentioned four times in despatches (*citations magnifiques*). "There is not a captain in my division," an army chaplain writes of him, "who enjoys to the same high degree the admiration and gratitude of his soldiers." But he too is now entered, "Killed, facing the enemy."

Another priest, Paul Aucler, who writes from the front in Belgium, during February, 1915, concludes by saying:

"Witnessing such generosity in sacrifice, I often think of what a Belgian priest said to me not long ago. He was referring to the N... family, the most virtuous and the most sorely tried that he knew of in the town of Ypres. 'This war,' he said, 'though it lets loose before

my eyes a world of horrors such as never before were seen, produces, in far greater degree, fruits of holiness so marvellous that only in heaven shall we be able properly to appreciate them.'"

Father Aucler, who was military chaplain until his death, was thinking, not only of his experience at the front, but of the wonderful spirit shown by those whose suffering certainly surpasses that of the combatants—of the mothers and wives of men who die. He quotes a letter received from a mother who had just heard of both her sons as "missing":

"If our trials and our sacrifices help to save souls and contribute to the regeneration of our dear country, we must hold ourselves as honoured by having been called to such a mission; though, at certain hours, the sacrifice is very dreadful, the agony very great."

Or what do you think, he asks, of this letter, written by a young woman who, only a few months before, had married a man remarkable both for his charm and for his piety, and with whom she had been associated since her childhood? She had just heard of his death, a prisoner in Germany.

"All that I ask of God is to give me courage until we shall be reunited forever. I pray my husband to obtain for me, by his prayers, the strength to say without reserve 'Thy will be done,' now that God has taken back the happiness of all my life. I want to be worthy of my husband, whose pure and beautiful soul was my strength and my support. With him I had two months of happiness like that of heaven. Often I said to him: 'I am not worthy of the happiness that God has given me: the dream of all my life realized.' And always we gave heart-felt thanks to God. Now that he waits for me above, he will fortify me with his prayers and will help my poor broken heart. *I am going at once to help the wounded,* and shall try to do for them that which I was not able to do for my dearly loved husband."

The next and much longer extract paints one of the most vivid pictures of the war that we have met with. Certainly it lacks nothing in realism. Some people would call it gruesome. None the less, how clearly the writer shows us the resurrection and the life!

It is a letter from the Chaplain of the N^{e} battalion of Light Infantry:

"Yes, I have the luck, or rather the great honour, to find myself with the pick of our soldiers and at that corner of the field of battle (Notre-Dame-de-Lorette) which is perhaps the most appalling of the three thousand kilometers of battle-front which intersects Europe. You would like to have the more recent pages of my campaign diary? Willingly; but it would need the style of Dante to engrave on the unresponsiveness of words this chapter of the infernal tragedy.

"First I must present to you the characters and the scenery:

"The characters? Light infantry (*chasseurs*), those *diables bleus*

about whom everything possible has been said and who can never be praised sufficiently. Splendid troops, embodying the marvellous French bravery: gaiety, youth, dash, forgetfulness of self, endurance, and (this being their finest quality and the one most praised by their chiefs) a feeling for discipline which is exemplary and really moving.

"The scene of their heroism? It is here that one must confess oneself powerless. It passes all imagination. No description, no photograph, no painting, nothing, nothing could suggest the frightful reality.

"Picture to yourself a corner of one of the little valleys of Artois. After the scientific upheaval of picks and shovels, shells by hundreds of thousands have fallen on this soil. The earth is burned, calcined, blasted and reblasted, churned by steel, sown with lead. The trees—for there were not a few small woods on the slopes—when they remain standing, are hideously mangled, like giant matches, half blackened, from which hang piteous shreds. At this time of rising sap and in this very fertile district, not a leaf anywhere, and with the exception I shall mention later, not a blade of grass. It seems as if a wave of fire had passed over the land. That which the fire has not consumed, an explosion has killed, the flame of a shell has scorched. Indescribable chaos! . . . One detail: quite close to us a national highroad passes through a wood, a real wood planted with tall trees. Well, it is impossible now to distinguish the road from the wood.

"But that which makes the supreme horror of this dreadful vision is that one finds oneself in the Kingdom of Death. Death towers over this corner of earth; it grasps you; it seems to call you with a thousand furious voices and to tell you that merely by entering this domain, you, like all other things there, shall become its prey. On all sides dead bodies and more dead bodies: in all possible attitudes, in every corner, in heaps, or singly, whole or mutilated. They are in the trenches, in the dug-outs, on the parapet, in the parapet, before, behind . . . It is overwhelming. It is in truth, as an officer said to me, 'a carpet of corpses.' And the shells still belabour them, and the spades of pioneers must open a way, at night, gropingly, through this poor earth, frightful amalgam of human flesh, of tattered clothing, of unnameable fragments pounded to dust or kneaded into bloody mud.

"Consider that right here, close to us, within a radius of from 1,500 to 2,000 meters, there are 100,000 dead bodies (for the most part German), as several officers have told me; 60,000 as a minimum, according to the most conservative. . . .

"No living thing, except some fearless martins, whose razor-like flight seems to defy that of the shells, and also—it is not the least of sufferings—myriads of big blue flies which range indifferently from dead to living and which are insupportable in this heat.

"Over and above all this, the ceaseless fire of machine guns, which pulverizes the last lumps of clay, rips open sand-bags, pounds the ruins,

mangles the corpses, reduces to ribbons everything it encounters and seems actually to wish to add still further to the horror of this inferno.

"In this inferno, none the less, live men . . . Christians, the children of God. Emaciated, earth-sodden, burned by the sun, huddled together so as to make themselves smaller beneath the hissing blows of flying steel,—poor bodies shaken and exhausted, but souls transparently strong in their look of untamed energy; always on the alert, and ready at a sign from their chief, to spring forward, in broad daylight, to recover for their country a few hundred meters of that arid plain.

"There you have the existence of those heroes for the past eleven months, and particularly during the month just passed.

"Would you now like to hear in detail some account of their 'works'?

"*Thursday, 17th June.*—Since midnight, our battalion occupies the first line: trenches recently conquered, completely destroyed,—a difficult position. Everything is in such confusion for the moment that we are enfiladed more or less from all sides: uninterrupted shelling (*marmitage*). Impossible to work during the day; the smallest spadeful of earth precipitates a salvo of shells. I try to move up further forward. Imprudent and useless. No one will pass at daytime, not even the stretcher-bearers, not even the munitions: only the wounded come back . . . when they can, to the advanced dressing station.

"An oddity of the battlefield, this station, and really notable. Imagine a long ditch, from 4 to 5 meters wide by 300 long, in the middle of a field, bordered with verdure on each bank. In this oasis are installed the six or seven dressing stations with their population of stretcher-bearers. Here debouch three or four communication trenches, through which perpetually pour company reliefs, gangs of sappers, of those who bury the dead, fatigue-parties with cartridges, trench-torpedoes, grenades, rockets. Everyone passes there. Many of them stay awhile. They talk, they sleep, they play—a real village street on market day.

"From high above, the *Taubes* see this stir, where sometimes five or six hundred men are crowded, and signal word of it perhaps. Shells frequently arrive: 30 meters in front, 30 meters behind; never any nearer. Nevertheless, some four or five hundred meters away, there is that frightful butchery; on each side, at 300 meters, the communication trenches are among the most dangerous; in the rear, and even in the village where the more permanent stations are situated, constantly there are victims, sometimes many. Here, not one; absolute security, day and night. Why? No one has ever known; one confines oneself to testifying to what has been the fact for months.

"So, then, our wounded arrive. Some are all broken up: the nervous system, over-strained for so long, relaxes, and all that is left is a human remnant. But as a rule it is quite the contrary: smiling energy or at least an admirable resignation. Epic sayings spring to their lips; one might make a splendid anthology. 'If my leg gets in your way,' said a

shattered knee to the stretcher-bearers, 'put it on my stomach: it will arrive just the same!' 'But be brave,' I said to one who was growling furiously while his four bullet wounds were being dressed; 'a *chasseur* does not complain like that!' 'But I'm not whining; I don't care a hang about my wounds; but to see that *Boche* there, quite near.' And he accompanied his glare with a furious gesture in the direction of a poor *Feldwebel* who was lying there, in pretty bad condition moreover. . . . And this one, about the attack of May 9th: 'There was the cry, "Forward!" Good, I step out with the crowd (*avec les copains*) and there we are started. At the end of fifteen paces, zst! . . . there she goes! . . . one in the thigh. Oh! I said to myself, it's only one. I'm not going to stop going for one ball. . . . So I went on. Zst! . . . zst! . . . a second and a third. Now, I don't know any more how many I have.' The poor fellow; he had so many that his legs were literally riddled; they had counted more than thirty. The bones were shattered. At each jolt of the wheeled stretcher the pain tore from him a groan. At last, as if ashamed of himself: 'And now, zut! . . . don't bother about me; you go right on; so much the worse if I do go dead of it.'

"'For a lucky one, I'm it,' said a little man covered with earth. 'A shell buried me, but right there, seriously. I thought I was done for. Not a bit of it. Another arrives which carries away most of it, and here I am. . . . But you know, my back is broken!'

"'Do not pity me, *Monsieur l'Aumônier* (chaplain),' said a young non-commissioned officer all covered with blood. 'There are others more unfortunate. So far as I am concerned, it is all right: here I am—arrived!'

"And alas! it was true. There are those who are more unfortunate: those who do not arrive; those who die between the lines, in long and dreadful agony. For a day, for two days, they move, and then no more: a rigid body; an arm stiff for ever in a supreme appeal,—that is what their unfortunate comrades thereafter contemplate, dug in behind them, at some twenty or thirty meters' distance, sometimes less, and yet utterly unable to help them. Nearly always the shells or the fire of the machine guns cut short these tortures.

"'I was way out there, close to the Germans, with my thigh broken. So I tried to move toward them; but I saw them shoot at and kill the wounded comrades around me. So I hid myself in a shell-hole, and every night, between the flares of rockets, I dragged myself a little nearer to you. . . . Oh! how thirsty I was, how hungry, how tired!'

"He crawled like that, poor wretch, for four days and four nights, with nothing to live on except the biscuits on the dead whom he encountered.

"*Friday.*—The same situation out yonder. Companies are melting away,—melting always a little more under the inexorable rain of bullets.

The sections of one of them will consist tomorrow of 14, 9, 17 and 21 men respectively.

"Is there any heroism comparable with such as this? To give one's life once, in the intoxication of a charge, amidst the flash of swords, and carried along in a wild dash,—that is splendid, yes; but to hold fast, right there, in that burning dust, behind a mound of earth perpetually overthrown; to be inundated with steel, buried alive, almost disintegrated by frightful noises, splashed by putrifying corpses with which the shells cover you and whose fetid odour clings to your beard and clothing; to suffer from hunger, thirst, for three days and three nights, to feel yourself more and more alone as death or wounds leave emptiness around you . . . and, to hold, always to hold, without a word, without a murmur, without as much as a thought of quitting,—is not that the climax of heroism?

"It is what I have seen attained by these men, and with what absolutely simple abnegation, what heart-moving ignorance of their own grandeur! Yes, truly, it must be said again: 'How beautiful is the France who fights!' (*Que la France qui se bat est belle!*).

"Such living is sublime: sublime in generosity and in forgetfulness of self. Our *chasseurs* are at the height of that glory. And yet, who are they, these children? For the most part small peasants who were living in their corner of the country in a self-centred round (*traintrain*), from which the deeper virtues seemed lacking. Prodigious elevation of man! A harvest of heroism in souls whom one would have thought so near to earth! Come into the furnace where God melts over again the soul of France and, in spite of the miseries to rear-wards, you will believe in her resurrection.

"*Friday, 10 p. m.*—It must hold and it is held! A position of importance, connecting two formations and link in a chain which envelops the Germans. How many? . . . is not known. In any case they are there at twenty meters' distance; very troublesome, but even more troubled. So, toward evening, they call the commandant of the nearest [French] company and negotiate. 'Can they come out?' 'Yes, one at a time, without arms, at 10 o'clock tonight.' And here they file past: 1, 2, 3, 4 . . . so on up to 279. A nice catch! Not so many had been hoped for. At the head of them, the officers,—eight big fellows, stiff, impassive, but very sheepish for all that, particularly when confronted with the quizzical curiosity of our *chasseurs*. They have the nerve to ask for their servants. . . . For two hours, on account of over-crowding in the communication trenches, they remain near us in the strange surroundings I have described. I am able to question them freely. . . .

"At once our battalion is full of merriment. The sacrifices of preceding days are better understood. Fatigue is forgotten. . . .

"*Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.*—Relief. In reserve some four miles to the rear.

"Thursday.—The order to move arrives. We must go back up there. Already! Happily, a respite is granted, though not for long. We shall not yet have any Sunday. Let us make one out of tomorrow! I announce it at evening assembly. For tomorrow, at six o'clock. While I am speaking, difficulties arise. Our mass must be postponed until eight o'clock. Next day, at seven, I arrive. 'You have missed it,' the Senior Chaplain tells me. 'They came at six o'clock. Many communions, even. You will have no one at eight; better countermand it.' Too late; the invitation had been given. I notify a few cantonments: we shall have what we shall have. At eight o'clock, a group arrives, then a second, a third . . . the church is full. They remove some of the chairs. The stream continues. It becomes necessary to guide it toward the big circular tribune, where they crowd around. After the elevation, I mount the pulpit: a few words, then an act of contrition, of renunciation, of self-abandonment, most carefully prepared. 'My God, I am nothing before you. . . . I have hurt you. . . . Pardon for ——, for —— (here, a review, brief, but suggestive for a soldier). Pardon these weaknesses in a soldier of good will who promises you amendment. . . . I am yours, Lord; protect me, protect my family. . . . Nevertheless I abandon myself to you, now and in the future. Such as you will it to be, so I accept it, with its pains, fatigues, privations, blood spilled, and more than that perhaps. . . . For me, for my country, for your glory.' A minute of real emotion. We are so completely in the midst of the real! Not one of these children who can promise himself so much as twenty-four hours of life.

"Solemnly, I give the general absolution after having indicated the conditions. 'Those who wish to communicate may draw near.' How many will there be? Perhaps five, perhaps a hundred, I had said to the Senior Chaplain. From all directions they move forward: four hundred and sixty *chasseurs* received our Lord that day, and under conditions that must have rejoiced his heart. Next day, many of them appeared before him. During the three following days, more than two hundred shed their blood for France.

"What consolation and what moral force for these beloved young men! I asked one of them, seriously wounded and greatly suffering, if he had thought of offering it to the good Master; if he had been present at mass. 'Oh, *Monsieur l'Aumônier* (chaplain), I should say so; I have thought of it all day long. It gave me courage.' Evidently. And for them it is a need. They hunger and thirst for God. 'They are greedy for God,' as my neighbour, the Irish Chaplain, says. He often organizes ceremonies of this kind, for which purpose it is necessary to follow the men, and so to have regimental or battalion chaplains.

"June 26, 27, 28.—We return to our trenches, but after torrential rain. The commandant passes the night hunting for a hole in which to establish his post as commandant. Everything is drowned. It has to be left to the vigorous arms of the sappers who will build it up again

during the following night. I visit our *chasseurs.* A charming journey: four miles of trenches to reach them, and what trenches! Wretched ditches, demolished at that, where—like it or not—you have to crouch to the level of your knees, sometimes lower, dragging yourself flat on your stomach; where you have to get down into shell-holes of unknown depth, squeeze between gabions, sand-bags, broken carts; crawl over decomposing bodies, crush the maggots that have fallen from bodies on the parapets and that wriggle at the bottom of the trenches; look out for the *marmites* (shells) that pour down and that will make the way you have come unrecognizable on your return; prop yourself with hands and feet against the sides so as not to sink quite to the bottom of the trough . . . . there you have some slight idea of the comforts of the journey.

"Moving along the trench, I salute the company in support: men wrapped in tent canvas, crowded against one another to get warm or curled up in little holes in the ground. *'Eh bien, les gars, ça va?'* (Well, boys, how goes it?) 'Oh! very well, *Monsieur l'Aumônier.* We are happy here; we could well finish the campaign right here!'—Dedicated to those who, in spite of a good cigar, pyjamas, and a fresh shave, find that 'It's very long.'

". . . A pleasing incident as a change from this recital of horrors. One evening recently I passed two worthy cooks, bent as usual beneath their burden. The bucketful of coffee, which constitutes the inevitable and necessary addition to the bucketful of *pinard,* seemed to me to be full to overflowing. 'All that for your squad,' I said; 'but each of them will have half a quart!' 'No; not all of it is for the boys. The fact is, *Monsieur l'Aumônier,* we are constantly meeting the poor, unfortunate wounded. So we drew on our reserve and loaded up some more, and now can offer a cup of coffee. It pleases them; so ——'

"Is it not evidence of the real and touching fraternity of arms?

"*June 29.*—The days follow on. Alas! they are alike. Today like yesterday and the day before, repetition of the bloody combats of the previous week.

"An example of the indomitable heroism of our *chasseurs* and of their leaders:

"A young sub-lieutenant, eighteen and a half years old, instructed to seize with his section an important point in advance of our line, and to hold it, holds fast there with his thirty-five *chasseurs* in an embryonic trench which is cut up nightly. A terrific bombardment. Their sole communication with their comrades—a small communicating trench, hastily constructed—is annihilated. Caught on the flank and in the back, cannon and machine guns cut them down one by one. The hours pass: 6 o'clock, 30 *chasseurs;* 9 o'clock, 23 *chasseurs;* noon, 15 *chasseurs;* 6 p. m., 5 *chasseurs.*

"Sub-lieutenant D. crawls to the rear, creeping from shell-hole to shell-hole; reports on his mission and returns at 9 p. m. with another

section. Only 3 *chasseurs!* Thirty-one were dead or wounded without its being possible to remove one of them before night-time; but the three survivors 'held' just the same.

"Isn't it splendid? And what simplicity!

"The general presented each of them with the military medal.

"Invited that night to dinner by the commandant, I heard from one of them this reply to felicitations: 'If it had to be done again, *mon commandant,* it would be done again.'

"Here is one of the official citations: 'Sub-lieutenant D., an officer of nineteen. On June 29th, by his courage, his coolness and his energy, was able to maintain, for twenty-three hours, under violent artillery and machine-gun fire which reduced his section to three *chasseurs,* an important point entrusted to him.'

"Alas! Death was to take him too. He fell mortally wounded a few days later. He was a child of God,—one the more with whom to people His Paradise of heroes."

Now do you understand, you people who complain—and which of us does not? Now do you see what discipleship means? Now do you see the difference between vision and blindness; between dull duty and the same act performed in the radiance of love? Now do you see, as those priests see, shining through the darkness of life—through its suffering and defeat—divine and creative purpose?

One man sees hell, and the other sees that, but sees heaven too; one sees horror, the other, looking deeper, sees horror more horrible, but through it and because of it and transcending it, he sees also eternal life and the vast majesty of God. What they look at is the same. The difference lies in the seer: not in the thing seen.

By the one class we are reminded of these words: "And in them is fulfilled the prophecy of Esaias, which saith, By hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see, and shall not perceive. For this people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed, lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and should be converted, and I should heal them."

By the other class we are reminded of words very different: "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord."

What is it that makes the difference? Perhaps that question can best be answered by another. Do you and I, in daily life, see self-sacrifice as a stern and terrible necessity, or, each step toward heaven being heavenly, do we see it as the next goal for which we strive?

The flesh is weak and the flesh will shrink. But how is our will set? What, fundamentally, is our belief, our desire? There is the Cross. Daily it confronts us. Do we seek to avoid it? Do we desire the strength and the love to embrace it? Or do we, by faltering hesitation, fall between two stools and spend our lives in calculating evasion, in qualified acceptance,—in profitless misery?

Up to a certain point, beyond which it would be futile for the mind to travel, the degree of discipleship attained may be gauged by love of the Cross and by the joy found in it. For it is Beauty, though some see it as ugly; it is Truth, though some see it as a lie; it is the supreme Good, though some see it as wholly evil. Those priests have learned to love it, and it would be sad indeed if we, reading such records, should fail to draw from them the courage and fervour we now lack, so that we too, on our "front"—office or home, with the enemy of self entrenched within us—may fight more valiantly and gladly, giving all things and no longer only a part.

Can we not imagine the Master they recognize saying to us also—"Try to live it. For the Cross is where I am. On it I am. Whoso would dwell with me must dwell with me there. And where I am is Paradise, because where I am the Father is also."

Try to live it! Yes, we must try. Then will come to us the meaning of something "Cavé" wrote not long ago:

"The disciple, if truly a disciple, must also be a Priest. He will live in such close communion with the Master, that he will make of each common act or detail of life, a sacrament, and so turn the bread and water into the Eucharistic flesh and blood,—make of himself a channel that Christ may use to feed with the bread of life (which is himself) all those who approach him.

"To pass this Communion chalice to others, we must first drink of it ourselves, and so we must watch with the Master in Gethsemane, and be able to pray his prayer there, from our hearts. Not all of us can hope to reach Calvary, where we can say 'It is finished'; but the Garden is offered each one. Mostly we turn away from it, and leave him to suffer there alone for us. Can we not bear in mind this priestly function in even the smallest contact with others, for love of him,—making of ourselves tabernacles where the veiled Christ lives perpetually, to minister to all who approach the sacrament of his love?"

Understanding that, we too may carry life and hope to the spiritually dying, comfort to the wounded, new valour to those who fight.

T.

ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

XII

DISCIPLES

THE sign of discipleship is ability to communicate with one's master. It must not be thought, however, that the problem is solved when this power is attained. It marks only the beginning of discipleship. There is a very long and arduous road to travel after that point is reached. Fortunately for all of us we reach that point, not by any merit of our own, but by the divine compassion of the masters themselves, long before we are really purified, long before we have really mastered our lower selves, long before we have completed our self-conquest. The masters are much more anxious to reach us than we are to reach them, and when they see a human being making even an initial effort, beginning to try to live according to his ideals, incorrect as those ideals may be and usually are, they at once differentiate that person from the general mass, and begin to give him individual treatment, care, and help. They guide his life and his circumstances so as to nourish and water the little shoot of spiritual growth which is so precious. This does not mean that that person will have an easy, sheltered life from then on. It often means just the contrary. The masters are more interested in our Souls, than in our personalities. This point cannot be stated too often; we need to repeat it, in different terms, until it becomes a fixed part of our consciousness. A real belief in it, a full realization of it and of its implications, will save us much needless confusion, rebellion, and pain. We *resent* suffering; we resent unpleasant circumstances; we resent hardships and discomforts; and we are very likely to discharge this resentment against Providence, against the divine powers which we believe to be guiding our lives—unless we have a very clear understanding of the fact that it is we, not the divine powers, who are responsible for all our troubles, and for the complications of life, and that they do their very best to help straighten out these complications as quickly and as smoothly as possible. Resentment and rebellion on our part are as foolish as they would be on the part of a man who swallowed a lot of typhoid fever germs, and then blamed the doctor who came to tend him, for his fever, disabilities, and pain. The doctor could give morphine until the patient

would not suffer, but he does not do so because he knows it would retard the recovery, which he wants. So the masters can manipulate events and even control our reactions to them, so as to prevent our suffering, but it would be harmful and not helpful, so they do not do it. But just as the doctor *will* give a man in intense pain a hypodermic injection, to tide him over a crisis, so the masters will, at times, give us help long before we deserve, or have earned it, in order to help our poor struggling Soul in its ceaseless conflict with the lower self.

Thus, long before we have reached the actual spiritual stage of discipleship, long before we have the true gift of inner vision, long before we have built up that portion of our inner self which is the normal means of communication, the masters will use their powers to come down to our own level and render us some aid of which we stand in need. This type of communication, which takes a great variety of forms, while frequent in fact and perfectly genuine as a spiritual experience, is essentially different from the true and normal communication which exists between master and disciple; and it is governed by the very complicated law of reactions which must be carefully noted and guarded against by the master who gives the help. Very often, no matter how desirous he may be, our condition is such that he cannot safely do anything of which we can be conscious. It is said that it is a constant crucifixion for the masters to be so infinitely desirous of helping us, and to have to stand by and see our misunderstanding, our confusion, our ignorance, our pain, and yet not be able to respond to our prayers in any way that we can understand—because to do so would actually make things worse instead of better.

The two or three lower stages of real discipleship are the only ones of which we can now get even a glimmer of comprehension; we have not entered upon them as yet; they are what we are working towards, but have not reached. Still, just because we are working towards them, we are intensely interested in them, and wish to know all we can about them and the rules and laws which govern those fortunate and rare individuals who have reached them.

The devotional books of all religions are efforts to set forth the Way *towards* true discipleship, but we are told that there is no essential difference between these rules and the rules of discipleship itself save in the degree of perfection in which they must be lived. Take one example;—meditation. The neophyte is told he must meditate; as he progresses, the length of time he must devote to this necessary spiritual exercise is lengthened and lengthened; the actual disciple, of the higher grades at any rate, must be in a state of constant meditation, whatever that may mean. So too with Recollection. We must practise recollection, at first at our prayer time, then more often; then as often as we can; but the disciple must maintain an attitude of *continuous* recollection that has no breaks, not only from morning until night, but day and night, forever. Needless to say that he does not do either of these two

things with our ordinary human faculties, for that would be impossible; he does them with parts of his nature, or with latent faculties, which his manner of life has aroused, and with which the ordinary man has such slight acquaintance that he frequently denies their existence altogether.

Discipleship, as has been often said, is becoming something, and one of the things we become is a being capable of doing more perfectly those things we are all trying to do. As Pope Boniface said: Holiness consists not in doing heroic things, but in doing common things heroically well. The Rule of Life of a disciple, therefore, is not essentially different in kind from the Rule of Life of a would-be disciple; it differs only in degree; in the perfection in which it is lived. That is very fortunate, for it means that every effort we make now is training us in the most direct and positive manner, in just those qualities and virtues which we must have to reach our ultimate goal. Nothing is wasted, no effort, no self-conquest, no sacrifice, however small.

Those who have read the earlier articles in this series will remember what was said about the hierarchical system; that each individual is "on the ray" of a master. That means, among other things, that they have—the master and the disciple—certain common possessions. Each also has other possessions which both do not share. The master has an infinite range of powers and qualities which the disciple cannot reach, and the disciple has a lower nature, with its powers and qualities, which is his own creation and for the making of which he alone is responsible.

The point where the two natures merge is above the plane of the personality, is in fact in the manasic principle. This is not easy to explain, for various reasons, one of which is that we have no English words for these things, and another, that we are talking about states of consciousness, or activities of the Soul itself, which are outside of the range of ordinary experience. Put in another way, it is said that the manas of the disciple is merged into the manas of the master; the master therefore knows instantly everything the disciple says or does or thinks. The converse, however, is not true. The manas of the master is not merged into the manas of the disciple; the disciple contacts only so much of the manas of the master as can be contained in his type and character of vehicle. His general purity and progress determines this. He therefore knows very little of what the master does, says, and thinks. But he *does* know that little; there is a very real identification of consciousness, which becomes increasingly widened in scale as the disciples advance along the Path. True communication with one's master, therefore, only becomes possible after this identification of manas has begun, and it can only begin when the disciple has equipped himself in many different ways. One of the things he must have accomplished is such purification of his mind that he no longer thinks thoughts, he is no longer capable of thinking thoughts, that would be in dissonance with the master's nature, for any thought he

thinks will instantly be in the master's consciousness also. Another thing,—he must have so trained himself in obedience that he is no longer capable of disobedience, for disobedience would mean a rending of the nature, a house divided against itself. Of course he must have acquired such control of his lower nature,—no, that is not it,—he must have so changed and transmuted his lower nature, that in one sense he no longer has any lower nature left; in other words, he must be so good and pure that he is incapable of the lower desires and passions. He must be *safe* in all those respects. Of course there are whole ranges of less base but still ignoble activities which are no longer possible for him; they will be evident if we simply catalogue the list of human faults.

It must not be understood that the disciple, in these lower stages, has already made a complete conquest of his lower nature, and is no longer capable of sin; but it does mean that very real and substantial progress must have been made in that direction. The disciple can fall from his high estate so long as he has any personality left at all, and when he has none left, he is no longer a disciple, but has "attained," and enters a new cycle of progress beyond our ken. Even the very highest disciple can fall back, and so very terrible are the consequences of such a fall that the utmost precautions of divine wisdom are used to prevent it. One rule often referred to is that a disciple must have shown, by actual practical experience, his ability to live according to the rules of a higher degree before he is endowed with the rank, prerogatives and powers of that degree. That means that until life has tested and tempted him in all fundamental ways, he cannot be trusted;—not because the masters are unwilling to take the risk, but because they are unwilling that he should take the risk.

It stands to reason that if a disciple reaches the point where his consciousness is merged with the consciousness of the master, even in the smallest degree, there comes to him a great influx of power, of force, of knowledge, which is really the master's and not his own. But he and the master are both responsible for the use which is made of increases of power. The master cannot afford to have his force degraded or misused, while the disciple now has a double responsibility, his innate responsibility for his own spiritual welfare, and his newly acquired, his hardly earned privilege, of being responsible for some of his master's spiritual essence, which has been poured into him. Woe to the disciple who fails under this glorious burden. He has proved himself unworthy of his divine heritage, and Karma wreaks a terrible vengeance. He falls to depths which correspond to the heights from which he fell, and it takes him long ages of suffering and effort to struggle back to the point he had reached before. Therefore discipleship, with its responsibilities, is a very serious thing and not to be lightly undertaken. There must be no turning back, once the hand has been set to the plow, and the first furrow turned.

The Eastern books are full of descriptions of the "powers" which are the concomitant of discipleship, and those who are curious about

this phase of the subject can read about them in such a book as *Patanjali's Yoga Sutras.* Not so much stress is laid on this side of the subject in Christian literature, and the Western scholars have not studied the psychology of discipleship as has been done so thoroughly in the East. But still, Christian records are full of accounts of the "miraculous" powers of the saints, and when analysed it will be seen that these powers do not differ from those treated of from such a different point of view and called by such different names, in the books of the East.

Clairaudience and clairvoyance are common, and normal marks of discipleship. When the soul of man is no longer "cribbed, cabined, and confined" by its personality, it simply cannot help having these powers *on the higher planes of consciousness,* for they are part of its very nature, but they may find expression farther down. You do not have to cultivate these powers, and you should not try to do so. They are innate, natural functions of the Soul, and when the time is ripe they cannot help coming into activity. It will not be a healthy and normal activity if they are developed, as they can be, before the rest of the nature has also been developed to the corresponding degree. The moral nature in particular should have reached the proper level, for otherwise these powers, which can function on several planes, will awaken to a dangerous and pernicious activity.

Anyone who cares to do so can find examples among Christian Saints and mystics of any, or of all the phenomena described by Eastern psychologists. The laws of the universe are quite the same whether in India or in Europe.

The really important thing about these "powers" is that their development increases one's ability to help others. For the first time in the aspirant's career, he is beginning to acquire the ability really to render effective and intelligent service. He commences to understand himself, and through that understanding to understand others. His sympathy is aroused. I do not mean his emotions, or his pity; I mean the real quality of sympathy,—the ability to put himself in another's place and to understand what that other is experiencing, and therefore what he needs. His power truly to love also awakes. He gradually acquires real knowledge of human nature and of the constitution of man. He sees life, for the first time, in proper perspective; he can give circumstances and events their true place in the table of values, and be free himself from the glamour of worldly possessions. In a word, he begins to accumulate a little fund of wisdom, and so is equipped to handle life and people with growing hope that he will not do more harm than good. He acquires the "gift of tongues" and the "healing fire," which does not mean the ability to speak all languages and to cure diseases, but the ability to discern what is really the matter with a sick soul, and to announce the remedy, to speak to its condition, and to bind and heal its wounds. The disciple's privilege is the privilege of service, therefore his gifts are those powers which enable him to render more and more effective service.

C. A. G.

Life of Fr. Paul Ginhac, S.J., published by Benziger. This is a book of 380 pp., and makes by no means easy reading. Also it is very Roman in tone and treatment. There are but few students of Theosophy who would benefit by its study. But it is the life of a modern saint, and a saint of the old school of heroic penances and unceasing mortification. We refer to it chiefly because of certain illuminating passages which should prove helpful to the devotee of any religious system. Incidentally, Father Ginhac was born in 1824 and died in 1895, and was a Jesuit. Incidentally, also, we should judge individuals by what they prove themselves to be, and not by a name or a label. This man in any case was a saint.

Prior to his Profession he writes in the diary of his retreat: "It seems to me that when I shall have given up all by the three vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, I shall receive as my reward Jesus Christ Himself, and that He will say to me: 'Behold, I am here; I wish to be thy riches, thy delight, thy glory, and thy liberty.' What a thought that is!" It is a great thought, and should be just as precious to a Buddhist as to a Christian.

Years afterwards, when he became a Superior, he wrote this prayer for his own use: " . . . I know that you love me, and that you have suffered for me. Keep me from all danger, enlighten me in my doubts and in my difficulties, sustain me in my weakness. May I ever act with a right intention; may I be wise, prompt and firm in my decisions, vigorous and constant in all my actions! May I live united to God, may I walk in the sight of Jesus Christ, your son, and imitate his example! Grant that I may show myself full of discretion, gentleness, and charity towards my brothers; never let me listen to self, to my passions, or my imagination, but let me despise self and devote my whole life to others. It is not for myself, but for souls, for the Society, and for God, that I am placed in this position."

In a diary of a retreat he writes: "Let us meditate chiefly with the heart. To do that, let us love our Lord. When one loves, words do not fail. Consequently, let us have no will but God's will; let us will simply and sincerely all that He wills, and as He wills it; let us will nothing but what He wills, and hate that which He hates. May our Lord give us a new will, may He create in us a new heart, may He give us His own Heart. When He asks for our hearts . . . it is that He may give us His. We must, in fine, do everything from our hearts."

We are reminded of the *Bhagavad Gita:* "In thy thoughts, do all thou dost for Me; renounce for Me; sacrifice heart and mind and will to Me; live in the faith of Me. In faith of Me, all dangers thou shalt vanquish by My grace, but, trusting to thyself and heeding not, thou canst but perish." In the one case Krishna, in the other Christ: but the heart of the disciple must be the same.

A certain Father Morel, we are told, "relates that during his Novitiate, whilst seated at his work-table, he heard a voice saying: 'The Father Master wants you.' He looked about him; no one was in the room, and the door was shut. After a moment or so he heard the same call, but louder. Thoroughly frightened, he sought the Master of Novices (Ginhac), who, as soon as he saw him, said: 'Why did you not come at the first summons?'"

It is assumed by the biographer that the voice was that of the saint's Guardian Angel. Similar phenomena occurred frequently.

"Father Ginhac united with the religious gravity he always maintained an exquisite politeness. Visitors went away greatly edified by his supernatural spirit, but still more touched by his kindness and dignity, I might almost say by that heavenly urbanity, found only amongst the saints."

From notes made during a Retreat, as reminders for his own use:

"Work with the Divine King, for the Divine King, as the Divine King, is the whole secret of the saints."

"The Divine King calls me to the combat: to a war of defence, a war of attack. Defence against the world, the demon, and the flesh. No quarter!—nowadays particularly, when everyone yields. Yield in nothing. If you yield, you are lost. War of attack: you will conquer the world, the demon, and the flesh in others, in proportion to the number of defeats they will have suffered in your own soul. If you have not conquered them in yourself, and you try to attack them in others, they will laugh at you."

Then from notes made by others of instructions he gave:

"Do you wish to persevere?—then do not say: 'I wish to persevere.' Say: 'I wish to advance every day.' Without that, you will not persevere. Do not be of the number of those who are content with being known as 'good fellows.'"

"Learn to mortify natural curiosity. Do not read at once a letter received; leave it for a little while on your table. This is a habit to be gained, for otherwise, later on, one is overcome by curiosity, instead of remaining master of oneself."

"Desire to suffer everything for our Lord. Aspire to every martyrdom; long for the conversion, not of one soul, but of the whole world. If the field be restricted by obedience, it is because our strength is limited; but *desire should know no limit.*"

"Amongst other means recommended by him to insure victory in the struggle, was to limit the time. 'By such a date, with the help of divine grace, I will have corrected such a fault, and, if not, I will impose a penance on myself.'"

"'Forgetfulness of self; to leave self in order to lose oneself in God'—this maxim Father Ginhac made the rule of his life."

"A great number remain in mediocrity because they wish to act alone. They are not open with Superiors."

"When you have a sermon to preach, let your first and principal care be to put generously in practice yourself the virtue on which you are to speak, or try to imprint in your own heart the dispositions you wish to imprint in the hearts of your audience. We should preach to ourselves, penetrate ourselves deeply with the subject, and make it altogether ours, before we preach to our neighbour, and the latter's change of life will depend on the change in ourselves."

"In your prayers ask for saints; they are God's instruments for the salvation of nations."

With far less incentive, much narrower opportunity, such a man puts most of us to shame. If only for that reason, we should find him stimulating and encouraging; for his comment would have been: Then up and onward! E. T. H.

Le Sens de la Mort by Paul Bourget.

This has been translated under the title: *The Night Cometh.* That title is euphonious but inaccurate in rendering Bourget's words, which are, simply, *the meaning of death.* People who read novels regularly are full of scorn and ridicule for this work which they call a moral sermon coated with fiction to make it go down. Those who seldom read novels may find it quite worth while. Briefly it is the story of two men whom death faces, and their reaction upon that fact. To the

surgeon, who is a materialist, it means an end of things. "Things" are represented to him by the love of his young wife; to cheat the absurd thing, death, of complete triumph, the surgeon accepts his wife's offer of suicide, in order that they may go out together into the "nothingness." The second man is a soldier, a Christian, a cousin of the surgeon's wife. He passes weeks of intense suffering in serene fortitude, with the intention that his pain may be used as vicarious atonement for his cousin, who, since her marriage, has accepted her husband's materialist opinions. The soldier's sacrifice is effective, and the woman is saved.

The story is in the form of a note-book record made by the assistant-surgeon of the hospital where all the events take place. This assistant has had laboratory discipline—he can credit only facts that he has observed. The facts associated with the deaths of the two men force themselves upon his attention. He is forced to a conclusion—that, at the least, one attitude toward death was shameful and harmful, while the other was constructive.

May we not hope that this laboratory attitude toward religion may become prevalent? Let men and women test spiritual law as they would do laws of hygiene. If they seek, they shall find.

THEODORE ASHTON.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION No. 202.—*What do the Masters do with free will?*

ANSWER.—If we are thinking of the Masters as our great and very kindly Elder Brothers, who through a long course of discipleship have reached that point "when all desires that dwell in the heart are let go," and "when all the knots of the heart are untied," then, perhaps, it matters little whether we think of them as totally devoid of free will because in perfect union with the freedom of the divine Will, or as the only beings in the universe who have achieved complete free will and also complete responsibility for every act of will; not only responsibility for their intentions but for the ultimate results of every act.

"The sages say this path is hard, difficult to tread as the keen edge of a razor." Do we think of the Masters as treading a less dangerous and difficult path than our own? Because they are immortal, do we think of them as just safe and happy somewhere? Does not immortality imply a limitless ability to labour, an endless capacity for joy and for pain? What do the Masters do with free will? I think that they sacrifice it on the altar of our seemingly endless capacity for self will; and it is a fortunate thing for us that they have an infinite sense of humour.

K. D. P.

ANSWER.—*The Voice of the Silence* has some passages on renunciation which may prove helpful. But to be more practical: What does a wise human parent or teacher do with free will in a child? Do they not make it unprofitable for the child to use selfwill and profitable to obey? The child's will is not broken but it is trained. If I look manfully and honestly at my "misfortunes"—yes, and my sorrows—will I not find evidence of a loving Guidance that is training my will? Is this not the work of the Masters?

S.

ANSWER.—Whose "free will"—the soul's or the lower man's? Of the former may we not say they strengthen it. Of the latter may we not pray that they thwart it.

G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—It was by the right use of their own free will, by bringing it into harmony at every point with the Divine Will, that they made themselves Masters. In us they respect free will sacredly. It has been said that free will is the one gift of God to man that is never withdrawn. All other gifts at one time or another may be taken away, but we may will what we will at all times. It is this respect for our free will and refusal to infringe upon it that explains the continuance in the world of so much apparently unnecessary suffering and evil. In this sacred regard for our free will may we not find the answer to the age-old question of how the existence of evil can be reconciled with the ominpotence of an all-loving Father.

But if Masters respect our wills, they also show us the true meaning and inevitable result of what we think is our will. The Masters are the Lords of Karma

and Karma reveals to us the content and result, the harvest, of each desire. We may plant what seed we will in our field, but be it nettles or wheat, we must harvest the crop of that field and not another. Next time we choose more wisely. M. B.

QUESTION 203.—*What does a Theosophist mean when he speaks of the will of God?*

ANSWER.—Perhaps one can find the answer in this quotation: "This, then, is of faith, that everything, the very least, or what seems to us great, every change of the seasons, everything which touches us in mind, body, or estate, whether brought about through this outward senseless nature, or by the will of man, good or bad, is overruled to each of us by the all-holy and all-loving will of God. Whatever befalls us, however it befalls us, we must receive as the will of God . . . For if the least thing could happen to us without God's permission, it would be something out of God's control . . . Almighty God would not be the same God; not the God whom we believe, adore, and love." (E. B. Pusey.)

The will of God can be learned only by obedience, not by speculation; inwardly, through the conformity of our wills to the Divine will; not by mental consideration, as of something separate from us.

Perhaps one may say that the "will of God" is Buddhi, the manifestation of the macrocosmic Buddhi, called Mahat.

C. J.

ANSWER.—As a student of theosophy I would suggest this answer—a recognition that Something knows more than I do, and has picked out this particular time, place, environment, situation and daily job for me to work out my individual salvation by doing my own duty and not neglecting my duties in the endeavor to do another's duties, neither to try to make him do his while I am neglecting mine.

S.

QUESTION No. 204.—*What are the first steps toward becoming conscious of the invisible world? Is there not something that one may do to develop the vision for the spiritual world and the powers to function in it?*

ANSWER.—Every Saint whose life I have been privileged to read, seems to have attained such consciousness through the Three Vows: poverty, by surrendering all selfish desire; chastity, by a purity even in unconscious intention; and an obedience complete and entire—all uniting to permit the joyous participation in and sharing of the Master's Passion—yet the Saints, though suffering, have been joyous—seemingly because they share His sufferings. S.

ANSWER.—There is an old saying: "Would you see the Invisible? open your eyes upon the Visible." The road into the spiritual world opens up right before every man's eyes. All he has to do is to enter the path *of his greatest interest,* and walk there with energy. That path may be any form of business or art, or invention, or good works, or what not. If a man feels he is already doing this, let him consult some friend (who, he is sure, will be honest) with this question: "Do you think I am interested in music (or something else) because it *pleases* and *interests* me, or for the sake of the music itself?" The correct answer will, almost, invariably be: "You are interested because the thing pleases you." The man will then have to begin the job of transferring his interest completely from self to the thing loved. When that task is accomplished the man will be a citizen of the spiritual world. That world is not far off. It is, literally, at hand. S. M.

ANSWER.—The spiritual world is *within* the material, not separate from it. The way to enter is to follow the highest spiritual light that we can see. If we live up to it, it will lead us back to its source. Perhaps the first step toward becoming conscious of the spiritual world is attention to it, the watching for the spiritual content in each outer event. We enter it in proportion as we deny ourselves and try to serve others selflessly. I should expect that the power to function in that world would develop as needed to enable us to help others. J. M.

QUESTION No. 205.—*What can be done to influence, consciously, the condition and place of our next incarnation?*

ANSWER.—Do your duty completely in your present incarnation.

Q.

ANSWER.—According to *Light on the Path* either love or hate will do this. Yet would it not be well to be rather cautious? When I was a small boy some of my little friends wanted to be horse-car drivers. If they had persisted consciously in this desire they might be motormen today. Do we know enough of all the facts to let mere brain consciousness decide what we want? How would it do to love the Master and to try consciously to earn the right to serve Him, leaving it to His advice, and to our souls' desire under the influence of His love, to determine "the condition and place of our next incarnation?"

G. V. S. M.

ANSWER.—Everything that a man does must tend to influence "the place and condition of his next incarnation," but, fortunately for him, while his motive remains self-gratification the amount that he can do "consciously" is very small. Life is far too merciful to let our self-will play with its machinery. But the case is different if his desire is to be "reborn in the house of pure and holy folk" or, indeed, to be "born in a family of seekers for union, full of wisdom," that there he may possess "the same soul-vision that he won in the former body, and thenceforth strive again for the perfect attainment." What he can do consciously in that case is beautifully set forth by Krishna in the sixth book of the Bhagavad Gita, and by every spiritual writer who ever wrote as well. J. M.

QUESTION No. 206.—*How can one escape from one's past?*

ANSWER.—By facing it squarely in the present, recognizing it, and, if it be unpleasant, by saying: "Wretched thing you have dogged me long enough. Now, I am going to *do* you." Act accordingly. Carry out your resolve. "One's past" is usually an omitted duty that pursues clamorously. Fulfil that duty in the present, and thus, make it really "past"—forever. L. N.

ANSWER.—Why try? Why not use your past? You have, so to speak, invested much of yourself in it. Why not make it a paying investment by looking at it fearlessly for its lessons and then acting upon them? S.

ANSWER.—"When I became a man I put away childish things." Do your parents still treasure against you your childish aims and misdeeds? If you love the Master; if you want to go to Him, are you not passing out of a childish state, and will He not forget and forgive your past? Is it not your present He is interested in? But the best answer is to be found in the Parable of the Prodigal Son, where our Master so lightly veils His own passionate yearning that His children may leave the swine-husks, their past, and betake themselves to Him. Go to Him—then there will be no past to escape. G. M. McK.

ANSWER.—In so far as one wishes to escape from one's past—from one's sins and blunders and all that is painful to recall—I should think the only way of assured and permanent escape would be spiritual progress. The student escapes from grade A as he progresses to grade B. But not until we entirely kill out the root of a sin shall we escape it—kill it out with the thoroughness of which Note I in *Light on the Path* speaks. "It is easy to say I will not be ambitious; it is not so easy to say when the Master reads my heart he will find it clean utterly."

T. M.

ANSWER.—From what would we escape? From the memory of the past? We do that with each incarnation until we need that memory for our further progress. From the barriers to spiritual progress that we have raised by our past sins? We can escape them by doing our duty in the present, but sometimes that seems to be a very long and a very slow task. Love is the power which moves the world. "When even a chief of sinners loves Me with undivided love, soon he becomes altogether righteous," entering ever into peace. And the road to love is obedience.

Too often our desire to escape from the past means simply a desire to escape from the painful consequences of our acts. There is no escape from the consequences of what we do. Fortunately for us Karma is too wise and too merciful to let us evade the lessons it would teach us. But whether or not they will be painful may depend upon us. At least mystics have said that at the heart of pain lies joy. Perhaps if we welcome our lessons with eager gratitude for what they teach us, we may find the most painful turn to joy. J. F. B. M.

QUESTION 207.—*Does reincarnation include the idea of transmigration—not the transmigration of a human being to a lower animal form but the gradual evolution of the lower forms up to the highest?*

ANSWER.—Biology, especially in its sub-division of embryology, would seem to indicate an affirmative answer, if this be a universe where all Law works alike.

G. M. McK.

ANSWER.—As put, the question is answered with a Yes. But the term transmigration, as defined in dictionaries and generally understood, is wrongly used. Transmigration has the connotation of aimless wandering, of interchange between animal and human kingdoms, of drifting from life to life outside of any conscious law of development. Reincarnation properly commences with personal consciousness, with the human epoch in cosmic evolution. Madame Blavatsky's definitions refer to the "Soul"—*a* soul, as reincarnating; and she further indicates that animals do not reincarnate, as do men. At the same time it is suggested that every atom will some day develop to manhood, even to Mahatmaship; so that there is a sense in which reincarnation includes trans-migration, *i. e.,* migration across the line that divides the kingdoms.

N. B.

QUESTION No. 208.—*What did the Master mean by "Those that take the sword shall perish by the sword?" How can this be reconciled with His command: "He that hath not a sword, let him sell his cloak and buy one."*

ANSWER.—Perhaps He meant that those who are unwilling to perish by the sword have no right to take the sword. If a man would not gladly give his own life for a cause, he has no right to take the life of another for it. The cause must be greater than physical life, one's own or another's, to justify war.

It would seem, too, that the conditions under which He told Peter to put up his sword should be borne in mind. There is a tradition, apparently well-founded, that in addition to the apostles there were with Him in the garden of Gethsemane,

a number of women disciples. An armed resistance to the soldiers and to the mob would have put the women present in grave danger, which He, the very soul and inspiration of chivalry, would not permit in defence of himself. That He was thinking of the safety of those with Him is shown by His saying as He did to the soldiers:

"I am he. If therefore ye seek me, let these go their way."

It is not strange that He, who all His life waged ceaseless warfare against the active powers of evil in the world, should have told His disciples to sell their very cloaks to buy swords wherewith to fight. What is strange is that modern pacifists should be so blind to His warrior spirit. J. F. B. M.

QUESTION 209.—*It is said that the only way to know the doctrine is to live the life. How can one live re-incarnation, for instance?*

ANSWER.—Would a man really believing in total annihilation live as pure and good a life as a man believing in re-incarnation? So that I should think one would live reincarnation by daily acting as if one were to carry the results of the efforts of that day through the ages.

T. M.

ANSWER.—Why should one want to? If the soul be on a pilgrimage, it would not want to stop still and contemplate its progress, so it would not want to know the good things of its past experience. It would want to know its faults and failures. I, for one, would hesitate to ask to live over my failures. Suppose I ran away once and cost the life of my leader—am I strong enough to re-live that experience without getting depressed and discouraged? I run away from enough duties now. Why not seek out faults and defects manifesting today and not waste energy in dwelling in the past. Is not the real doctrine expressed in the Two Great Commandments?—perhaps when one may say one has lived them, it may be time to take up such corollaries as re-incarnation.

S.

ANSWER.—As we have all lived reincarnation many times our souls do know it. The problem is how to get that knowledge of the soul into the personal, brain, consciousness. This can be done by acting, thinking and as far as possible feeling as if we knew it for a fact, precisely as a scientist acts on a hypothesis. Accepting it tentatively as true, he applies it to the facts of whatever department of life he is investigating. If it explains the facts and accords with them he accepts it, if not, he rejects it. Try this with reincarnation. Interpret your life and that of others in its light and that of its twin doctrine of Karma. Ask yourself what desires and qualities you would like to take with you to another life and then live accordingly. Live as if you were, not a body swayed by a conflicting mass of shifting, meaningless desires, but an immortal soul to whose growth and splendour there is no limit. Then see whether or not the knowledge of the truth of the doctrine comes.

J. M. R.

T·S·ACTIVITIES

Some Branches hold their meetings throughout the summer months, but in most Branches the members are scattered during the hot weather, and Branch meetings are consequently interrupted. So the fall usually marks the beginning of a new year's work; the summer has given individual members larger opportunity to study and to make new applications of the laws of life; there is, therefore, new material and new incentive brought back to enrich the Branch in its season's work. While such reinforcement is the most valuable, it may perhaps be helpful to review, at this time, some activities of different Branches during the past year, as given in their annual reports to the Secretary T. S.; thus each has an opportunity to profit by the experience of others.

The KARMA BRANCH, of *Christiania,* might have been envied by some Branches because it was able to maintain a sustained series of lectures at its public meetings, a procedure which Branches often feel would bring them many recruits, were their members equipped to lecture successfully. Evidently the lectures given by the Karma Branch were successful in the ordinary sense for they were excellent lectures and were well attended by visitors who came repeatedly. But the members came to question this work; they found that it was barren in the sense that it brought almost no accessions. "The outsiders," the President writes, "were attracted by the strangeness of the Theosophical Doctrine and touched by the charming talk on Brotherhood, in the same shallow way as many church-goers are touched by the sermon of an eloquent preacher. But they have not come into closer contact with the Branch and have not been enkindled by the fervour of its members. They remain outsiders to the T. S. and to Truth, as they are outsiders to the true Church of Christ. So we planned another scheme of procedure, and made the meetings as informal and homelike as possible; one member reading something on a selected topic from a book, or from the QUARTERLY, and commenting on it from a Theosophical point of view. Afterwards there has been an animated discourse on the matter in question. The door has been kept open for all. We have found this method of work very good. It has also brought the attending members closer to each other and has made them feel more vividly the true spirit of Brotherhood. When this spirit is powerful in a Branch, it will not fail to draw new members; while without that power neither eloquent lecturing nor any other form of eager propagandism is able to create more than a temporary, formal and undesirable rush into membership. So we are now following up this scheme of work, leaving the results to the Masters."

AURORA BRANCH of *Oakland,* reports: "For a nucleus of study we chose the *Bhagavad Gita.* Our aim is toward a comparative and deductive interpretation, therefore our reading ranges over a variety of sub-topics, as they present themselves for our consideration. We have adopted the plan of taking one thought from the *Gita,* and using it as the subject of daily meditation for one week, and have been interested and helped by comparing results. Also, we just began the reading of "Ancient and Modern Physics," by Willson.

The Secretary of the PACIFIC BRANCH, *Los Angeles,* writes: "The public meetings are taken charge of by the members in rotation; each announces his or

her subject at the prior meeting, and on the following night of meeting opens the subject and passes it on to each person present, enabling each to express his or her ideas relative thereto. We have no platform lectures and no visible head for any one to lean on or to look to as an oracle. Every subject presented is spoken to from the inner or spiritual aspect, and we all take a keen delight in doing that, hence, our meetings are full of enthusiasm. We have a circulating library and books are taken out by the visitors; we have the T. S. QUARTERLY on sale at book stores, and we hope to increase those sales. Besides some of the members conduct personal correspondence with interested persons residing in other places, who are seeking the help that Theosophy offers."

The VIRYA BRANCH of *Denver* gave its first meeting last fall to a report from one of its members on the T. S. Convention. All Branches cannot send delegates to make a personal report, but since the Convention is designed to strike the keynote for the next season's work, a review of its most significant features, as given in the Convention Report, might well furnish Branches with material for a stimulating meeting. In the Virya Branch, they took up the spiritual results of righteous wars, drawing illustrations from the wars of Cæsar, Charlemagne, and others, and emphasizing "the difference between right and wrong attitudes towards peace in our own country." Other meetings were given to discussions of a practical and devotional character, with questions arising especially from "Letters to Friends." The Branch has carried a number of subscriptions to the QUARTERLY for libraries and universities; and the Secretary says that non-members have been glad to join with members in meeting the cost of these subscriptions. In passing, it might be noted that, in different parts of the country, a number of non-members who are subscribers to the magazine also subscribe regularly for friends.

The MIDDLETOWN BRANCH reports one of its customs that might well be extended to other Branches. It is common for all the resident members to take charge of meetings, in rotation, but in Middletown the sharing of the work does not stop there; they have some devoted members who are living far away from the Branch center, and these members prepare papers, or lists of questions, for discussion at the meetings that would fall to them were they able to be present.

No Branch reports as many different activities as the CINCINNATI BRANCH: Each season it has some thirty odd regular public meetings; preceding these there is a half-hour Study Class in the *Key to Theosophy,* for visitors and members; an afternoon Study Class for members, meeting weekly; and a monthly class for inquirers. "The fundamentals of the *Secret Doctrine* have been the basis of many of the papers and discussions . . .; an earnest effort is being made to comprehend and bring before the public the ancient but ever new Archaic Truths."

In addition to the many Branch reports, from which it has been possible to make only a few quotations, there were also reports from members-at-large who are trying to fulfil the old T. S. maxim that each solitary member should cease to be solitary by making himself the center of a new Branch. The organizing of a Study Class is one of the most fruitful methods of doing such work. A member in Oregon who is using that method writes: "A Study Class in Theosophy was formed here last October. At our first meeting seven were in attendance. Since then more have been coming in. Sunday evenings we take up the *Ocean of Theosophy*. We also meet on Thursday evenings, and at that time we have been studying the *Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine*. At both meetings all have the privilege of asking questions. We are getting many people interested in Theosophy by loaning them books. The object of our work is not to form a large Branch, but to interest those who are ready to support the Theosophical movement, and the Masters."

There is one bit of testimony, running through all the reports, which cannot be repeated too often: it is, that fruitful work is not determined by the size of the Branch or by the ambitious nature of the work it undertakes, but by the oneness of heart that animates its members, in their lives, and in their united work.